TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The recent growth of Toronto affords a most striking illustration of the principle laid down in Henry George's Progress and Poverty, that as wealth and population increase pauperism and destitution among the masses are augmented in a corresponding ratio. For some years past we have been regarding the rapid extension of Toronto with a good deal of complacent satisfaction. We have "pointed with pride" to the manner in which our city has outstripped and left far behind in the race for supremacy all her provincial rivals and have joyfully anticipated the arrival of the day which is apparently not far distant when the Queen City will overtake and outgrow Montreal and become in all respects the leading center of the Dominion. But there is a reverse side to the picture. In taking on the conditions of metropolitan life, the increasing density of population and accumulation of wealth has inevitably brought with it in accordance with the laws of social development an enormous augmentation of chronic poverty and wretchedness. It was stated at the last meeting of the committee of the Associated City Charities that one in every thirty-two of the population was a recipient of relief from the House of Industry or to put it plainly a pauper, in addition to the very considerable number who are relieved in other ways. This is a consideration which may well temper to some extent the exultation with which many are disposed to hail the announcement that our population has reached 200,000, and that the ratio of increase as yet shows no signs of abatement. The problem of how to deal with this mass of depressed, and in many cases hopeless, poverty, is one which has for long been the despair of Old Country philanthropists, economists and civic administrators. It seems so difficult to provide a remedy that will not perpetuate the very evil it is sought to mitigate, or perhaps give rise to worse phases of the same social complaint. Indiscriminate charity has been tried from time immemorial and found wanting. It is like pouring water into a sieve—demoralizing the recipients and making pauperism chronic. Families thrown into a condition of temporary distress by sickness or want of employment and driven to beg as a last resort, finding it easy to excite the sympathies of the generous and the inconsiderate givers, grow accustomed to this method of relieving their necessities. The honorable feeling of shame and independence which at first restrained them soon wears out and, finding it easier to live by begging than work, what was at the outset resorted to with reluctance as a temporary expedient, becomes a permanent means of livelihood. Charity organization has done something to mitigate the evil by a system of strict inspection and the endeavor to supplement the relief of immediate necessities by procuring employment for those willing to work. This praiseworthy feature of charity organization has recently been adopted in connection with Richmond Hall free breakfasts. There is, however, an obvious drawback in connection with it which the large-hearted and philanthropic promoters of the scheme do not appear to have considered—namely this—that in finding or making work for their proteges on any large scale they may be taking the bread out of the mouths of other working people, now in receipt of living wages and so bringing them down to the level of pauperism. There is only a limited amount of work obtainable. If for any reason the equilibrium is disturbed so that there are more hands than there is remunerative work to be done, there will hardly be anything gained by forcing those now out of employ upon an overcrowded labor market to the displacement of others.

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There is one hopeful feature about the statistics of Toronto poverty, which gives room for the supposition that the situation is largely abnormal and that the figures do not represent a condition of affairs brought about by natural social causes. The bulk of our pauperism is evidently an importation rather than of indigenous growth. There are comparatively few Canadians among the House of Industry casuals—the great majority being of English and Irish birth. Owing to our foolish and reckless encouragement of promiscuous immigration we have had to face the problem of pauperism in its most desperate phases, many years before it would otherwise have confronted us. The manner in which our governments, irrespective of their political complexion, adhere to the policy of squandering annually hundreds of thousands of dollars in drumming for European immigrants is a notable example of the survival of traditions in politics in spite of changes in conditions which render them utterly inapplicable to existing circumstances. Many years ago some fool—whose name has long ago sunk into merited oblivion—said or wrote something to the effect that an immigrant was worth $1,000 to the country. At that time America was sparsely settled—there were no railroads, no elaborate system of industrial or agricultural machinery enabling one man to do the work of twenty, no army of tramps and unemployed workers, no big monopolies to give or withhold work at their pleasure. In short the conditions were primitive. Land was to be had for the asking and any man in good bodily health who could swing an axe could start for the bush with a team of oxen and chop his way to independence. So there was some ground for the observation and within certain limits it was true. Nevertheless it was a foolish expression, for the value of an immigrant to a country under any circumstances depends on whether he comes with the intention of doing needed work or of being a drone and burden on society, living at the expense of others. Well since then the situation has been completely revolutionized by the general adoption of labor-saving machinery and the railroad system. Farming, instead of being a pursuit open to any robust man without other capital than his strong arms, has become a business requiring just as much as any mercantile business, capital, experience and skill. Men are a drug in the market. For every steady job of work of any character there are dozens of applicants. The poor and the unemployed abound on every hand and yet our governments insanely persist in the immigration policy for no better reason than that they have inherited it from their predecessors of a generation or so since. And politicians and able editors consider that they refute every objection that can possibly be urged to this far worse than useless expenditure of money when they gravely quote, as though it were an admitted economic axiom, the anonymous saying to the effect that every immigrant is worth a thousand dollars to the country.

In addition to the force of tradition and the general inability of the average public man to understand the immense significance of the social changes referred to, the influence of British public opinion is no doubt largely responsible for a continuance of the immigration madness. Emigration is always popular with the ruling classes in England. They see in the system the means of getting rid of the festering masses of pauperism, vice and crime in the slums of their overgrown cities. So long as English society can be freed from the burden and the menace entailed by the presence of these unfortunate under-dogs in the great struggle for existence, they care little or nothing where they go or what becomes of them. Unloading them on any foreign country is of course out of the question. Even the United States, appalled by the number of the least desirable elements of population so long thrust upon her at will from Europe, has some time since taken in her sign of "Welcome to all" and established a strict system of inspection at all Atlantic ports, under which pauper and criminal immigrants are refused permission to land. As to voting money at this day to encourage immigration of any kind, such a proposition, if made at Washington or in any state legislature would be scouted as preposterous. But, Canada being a colony, the English people of course look upon the Dominion in the light of a natural dumping ground for the refuse and dregs of their social system, and British public opinion is from a variety of causes a very powerful factor in Canadian legislation. A swarm of professed philanthropists and fussy busybodies of both sexes have taken hold of the emigration question in England, and by means of societies and organizations supplement the efforts of our immigration agents abroad. Now even supposing that there were any particular object in drumming up immigration of any kind—it is obvious to any one who will give the matter a minute's thought that the kind of immigrants which these alleged "philanthropists" of the Dr. Barnardo order and all these "charitable" fakirs and schemers want to send here, are just precisely the sort of people we do not want. If we want immigrants at all so badly that we need pay away the taxpayers' money at the rate of two hundred thousand a year to induce them to come, we want the best kind, the sober, industrious, successful and well-to-do people, those who by their ability to maintain themselves in some measure of comfort and respectability at home give the best guarantee that they will be desirable accessions to Canada. Now these are just the people that the English emigrationists will not send to us. Naturally enough they want to keep the best elements of their population at home and to emigrate the idlers and vagrants and criminals—the classes who are either pauperized or are on the verge of pauperism. Our government and the English promoters of emigration have all along been playing at cross purposes. They are unloading on us the sort of people we don't want, who are a curse and a nuisance to the English cities and become the same here from the day they land, and they have no interest in helping us to get the hard working, industrious and prosperous class who might better their condition by emigrating.

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It is satisfactory that the Organized Charities Committee, whose representations can command some weight abroad, have come to realize that immigration is, in a great measure, the cause of Toronto pauperism, especially in view of the proposal to largely increase the amount voted by the Dominion government for this purpose. But it is a hard matter to knock the idea out of the heads of the English people that Canada is a land of primitive conditions and boundless opportunities, where any man, no matter how unfitted by previous habits or training, has only to go farming in order to acquire independence in a few years. It is almost impossible to make untraveled Old Country people comprehend that in America we are rapidly taking on the conditions of European life—that the competitive struggle is as keen and the chances of the man with nothing but his labor to depend on just as precarious as in the Old World. Unfortunately there are large classes both here and there who are personally interested in keeping up the delusion. The Canadian farmers, contractors and others who want to hire temporary labor at a cheap rate, and the landowners and ratepayers in England who want to rid themselves of the burden of pauperism, play into each others' hands and hence our cities are filled with the imported social wreckage of London and Liverpool and Dublin, and our people are subjected to the double tax for encouraging undesirable immigration and supporting a large proportion of those who come.

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Another conspicuous instance of the survival of traditions in politics in spite of the total change of conditions is to be found in the railroad bonusing system. When it was first originated there was a measure of reason in it. The country was much poorer than it is to-day, railroads were urgently required, and capital was difficult to obtain. It was, therefore, probably a wise public policy for governments and municipalities to aid the construction of important and really necessary lines of railroad by voting public money for the purpose. As to whether it was the best policy to allow the roads so constructed to be run wholly for the profit and under the control of the corporations, that is another and very much wider question. But in one way or another the public had to build the railroads and the bonus system, though probably not the best that could be devised, was a rough-and-ready expedient which served in its day a useful purpose. But that day has long gone by—the plan suited to primitive conditions is no longer necessary to our development. But the bonus idea has got so firmly implanted in the public mind that long after the occasion which gave it birth had passed, railroads which would otherwise never have been thought of, or which there was no such imperative demand as would alone justify the expenditure of public money on their construction, were started just that they might be bonused. Such enterprises as the Canadian Pacific and the Intercolonial are of course in a different category, being purely political railroads, built for the purpose of welding together and consolidating the Dominion. They were constructed avowedly as national undertakings irrespective altogether of commercial considerations. Leaving these out of the question there have been many millions of dollars sunk in bonuses to roads which were not required for the general benefit and which can never prove commercially remunerative. In these days when the resources of Canada have become generally known and millions of capital are seeking profitable investment, such a thing as diverting the public money to the construction of ordinary railroads ought not to be thought of. If a railroad will not pay it ought not to be built, if it will pay there are plenty of private capitalists ready to invest. But for the influence of precedent and custom upon men's minds, the notion of a lot of greedy bonus-grabbers having the sublime audacity to ask the over-taxed people of the Dominion or the Province to give them a million dollars or so to put into what is to all intents and purposes a private business undertaking, would be deemed the height of insolent rapacity. It is strange indeed to what absurdities and follies in the way of government and social institution, people can become reconciled by habit and tradition. The few who have the brains and capacity to weigh these survivals and time-honored notions in the scales of justice and common sense, generally find at an early stage of the game that it pays best to keep the results of their thinking to themselves.

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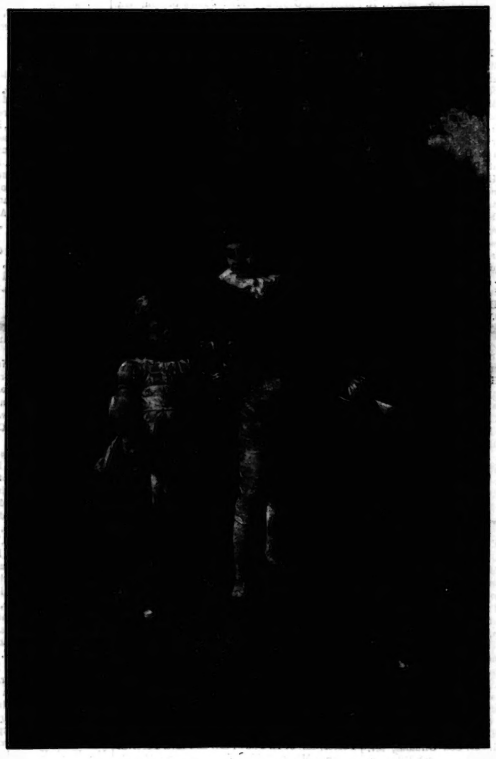
There are plenty of good Conservatives who firmly believe in spite of Piggott's suicide that Parnell was guilty of writing the letters palmed off as genuine upon the London *Times*, and that the wicked Parnellites bribed Piggott to clear off to Madrid and blow his brains out in order to deceive the public. There is no story so wildly improbable or absurd on the face of it that will not find credulous believers, provided it appeals to party prejudices and passions. And this more than infantile credulity is not peculiar to either side of politics. It hardly requires a greater measure of gullibility to suppose that Mr. Piggott was bribed by the contributions of New York and Chicago servant girls to make his quietus with a revolver than to swallow the latest *Globe* story to the effect that the *Mail* has been all along secretly working in the interests of Sir John A. Macdonald, and sent its principal editorial writer down to Washington to oppose Unrestricted Reciprocity on the ground that Canada would, by the defeat of the measure, be driven to seek annexation. The *Globe's* story is a tissue of absurdities, though no doubt built upon a substratum of fact. Nothing is more likely than that Mr. Edward Farrar, who is a gentleman of very pronounced opinion, and marked individuality, while at Washington spoke very much in the strain attributed to him by the *Globe*. Those who know him familiarly are aware that there are few men who have more thoroughly followed Carlyle's injunction—"clear your mind of cant." He cherishes few illusions and attaches much more importance to cold facts and figures than to the glamour of fine words and glowing phrases which so many writers think it necessary to throw round the subject when discussing the position of Canada. Little influenced by sentiment himself he perhaps does not make sufficient allowance for the force of sentimental considerations as a factor in deciding the future of Canada. And if sentiment be left out of the question, there is much in the prosaic matter-of-fact details to be gathered from blue-books and tables of statistics; much in the geographical and purely politico economical view of the situation to lead to the conclusion that annexation is a probability of the near future. There is nothing to be gained by ignoring or denying the force of these natural tendencies of the attraction of gravitation which tends to draw the smaller and sparser population into closer relations with the more numerous and wealthy one. The real question is whether those influences which cannot be enumerated in tables of statistics or expressed in arithmetical terms—the sentiments of nationality and attachment to British institutions—are in our case, as they have often been in other times and countries, sufficiently potent to off-set and counter-balance the material and social tendencies which make for annexation. It is an open question of course, like every other question in these days, and whatever any man's opinion may be he has a perfect right to express it anywhere, and there is no sort of necessity to meet arguments on either side with an outpouring of objurgation and epithet or to indulge in nonsensical rant about settling the discussion sword in hand. It is too late in the day for that sort of bombast to be effective outside of the region of melo-drama. Now, while it is extremely likely that Mr. Farrar during his sojourn in Washington expressed the opinion that the defeat of the unrestricted reciprocity proposal would help on the cause of annexation, no one but a rabid partisan whose political animus had deprived him of common-sense and reason would think of attributing his off-hand utterances to a deep laid plot of which Sir John Macdonald was the principal mover. The *Globe* has simply found another mare's nest and sprung it upon its readers, another of those silly and unfounded political canards which party fanatics may believe or pretend to believe, but which only discredit it in the eyes of intelligent men. The *Globe* has always been virulent and unscrupulous in dealing with political opponents, but only of late years has it been weak and puerile. That such twaddle



CONGRATULATIONS.

as this ridiculous *Mail* annexationist plot should be bravely put forward is only one out of many evidences of the steady decadence of a once powerful journal.

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The breach of the *Mail* with its party was a serious matter for Sir John and his followers. It deprived them of an organ during a hotly-contested political campaign. It rendered useless all the sacrifices made during a long series of years to keep the *Mail* in the field, and necessitated the starting of a new organ at immense cost in a journalistic field already overcrowded. Who can be stupid enough to imagine for a moment that Sir John A. Macdonald and his party deliberately sanctioned a display of seemingly antagonism on the part of the *Mail* involving all this trouble and expense for no conceivable object in any way commensurate with the sacrifice? Why should Sir John trouble himself to defeat the reciprocity proposal at Washington? What has he to fear, should it be adopted? There is no reason to suppose that he has any strong views on the question himself or that he would be troubled by any old-fashioned scruples on the score of consistency in adopting reciprocity if he thought there were enough votes behind it to make it worth his while to do so. Nothing would be easier should the overtures of the Americans be met with a popular demand for a treaty than for the Conservatives to take up that question just as they did the N. P., and secure a further lease of power. They have always been quicker to size up and follow public sentiment than their opponents. Moreover there would be no inconsistency whatever in such a move. One of the most telling arguments used during the N. P. campaign was that by taxing American imports Canada would be in a better position to negotiate with the Americans for a new Reciprocity treaty. From a thousand platforms the N. P. was held up not so much on its intrinsic merits as a means of bringing about reciprocity. A speech after speech of Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper emphasized this point which was always a telling one with the farmers. What then could be easier in case the Dominion Government found the demand for unrestricted reciprocity growing popular, than to concede it and claim the credit of having by the adoption of the N. P. brought the Americans to time? If on the other hand reciprocity when tendered by the Americans doesn't catch on, all that Sir John has to do is to maintain his present attitude. The ruler of the Dominion might think himself lucky indeed if all the vexed questions he is called upon to deal with could be as easily settled as this matter of reciprocity. It is just about the last subject that need give him any uneasiness.

Social and Personal.

The great social event of the week was, of course, the ball at Government House on Wednesday evening. It is now about two years since the last public ball was given by the Lieutenant-Governor, and remembering with delight the pleasures of the former affair society awaited the event of last Wednesday evening with a deal of pleasurable anticipation. The weather was not the most propitious last Wednesday and instead of the jingle of sleigh bells which I remember sent a thrill of merry madness to the hearts of the revellers two years ago, there was only the dull plash of hoofs on the wet and muddy streets and the monotonous rumble of carriage wheels. But though the element of merriment was lacking in the outer atmosphere there was no deficiency within doors at Government House. In fact the contrast but made the bright lights look brighter, the beautiful rooms more cheery and the play of soft lights over the brilliant assemblage more enchanting. The invitation list, which I publish in full below, embraced not only the society people of Toronto, but also many prominent people from other towns. A large number of the invitations were taken advantage of. All arrangements, both inside and out, were made with the skill which adds so essentially to the harmony of an occasion of this kind. There was no crowding or jostling, and both those who danced and those who did not dance found everything necessary to their enjoyment. Nowhere does the superb beauty of Canadian ladies make itself so marked as on such an occasion as I am writing of. Casting my eye carelessly round the ball-room on Wednesday evening I could not but thrill with pleasure at the thought that all or nearly all the handsome women I saw were Canadians. The guests were received by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, assisted by Commander Law. Everybody was delighted to see Miss Campbell appear in the ball-room among her guests, before the evening was far advanced. But space compels me to desist from any further comment on this notably successful event.

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The following is the guest list: Lieut.-Col. D. H. Allan, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Anglin, Mr. Frank Anglin, Mr. G. Mercer Adam, Miss Mercer Adam, Mr. G. Gibson Adam, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rogers Armstrong, the Misses Armstrong, Mr. C. E. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. William Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mrs. Arkle, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Hon. J. C. and Mrs. Aikins, Mrs. Andrews, Mr. E. Andrews, Prof. and Mrs. Ashley, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Ambrose, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Attrill, the Misses Attrill, Mr. E. C. Attrill, Dr. Aikins, Mr. W. H. and Mrs. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mr. J. H. Beatty, Mr. A. R. Boswell, Rev. Provost and Mrs. Boddy, Ven. Archdeacon, Mrs. and Miss Boddy, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mr. A. Gordon Brown, Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton, the Misses D'Arcy Boulton, Mr. Gerald Boulton, H. Mrs. J. Boulton, the Misses Boulton, Mr. H. R. Boulton, Mr. A. C. F. 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(Continued on page Eleven.)

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Boudoir Gossip.

"I wonder why it is we have not had any fancy dress balls," said a prominent society woman to me the other day.

"I dare say, though," she continued, "that it is too much trouble to arrange the costumes; but some pretty ones can be gotten up rather easily, and it would be such a change."

It seems to me that a fancy dress ball is one of the things which should occur. Society is half wearied of balls, dances, etc.; and a costume-dance, with dainty, pretty, fanciful or grotesque figures flitting over polished floors, with a spice of original mischief added to the newly-assumed character, would be a delightful innovation.

To a clergyman in far-off Cheshire belongs the distinction of having rebuked, in no gentle terms, the prevalent custom of rice throwing at weddings.

"But it is an old custom," cries some bride-elect.

Yes, but old customs are not always clung to. Why should this one be an exception.

We are very glad to sever from the present many customs of the past; and in the name of dignity and respectability fling this idiotic rice-throwing folly upon the pile of obsolete accompaniments to the solemn ceremonial of marriage.

Among the new favorites in Dame Fashion's realm of "fuss and feathers," we find white jet, or crystal embroidery. This trimming will take the place of pearl, which is very pretty, always modest and dainty, but a wee bit passe. A yellow gown of so'test satin has an embroidered panel and bodice garniture of the crystal jet, which flashes with every variation of position.

Opals and amethysts are Paris fancies now, while moonstones, to the appreciation of which we here have scarcely thoroughly awakened, are declared by French women a little common.

"Opals are unlucky." Oh, dear me! I do so despise the superstition which will trace ill to such a beautiful gem. The opal to my mind reveals its beauty by half concealing it. You glance from one part of it to another, following eagerly the shifting light of an imprisoned fire. You never quite catch it, and lay the stone down with a murmured, "how beautiful!" Cat's eyes, too, are much worn either in rings or set in a bracelet. The one large stone, surrounded by small diamonds, makes a very pretty bangle for a dainty arm.

Mrs. Kendal, by the way, wears a cat's eye bracelet. The stone is quite large and very fine.

Speaking of Mrs. Kendal, it is said that she has invented a toilet fan, which conceals beneath its apparent innocence a tiny mirror, a half-dozen hair-pins, a wee powder box and a stick of rouge. This lady, it is averred, does not use color for her cheeks, but for her eaves which, peeping from beneath her wavy chestnut hair, are always rosy.

A new color is called willow-green and it, with oyster shell white and tomato-red, threatens to cause a revolution in my lady's wardrobe in the spring.

Violet in all its shades is used in combination. With white the delicate mauve is particularly dainty. A house gown in these two casts of color is made with demi-train, full sleeves, Greek drapery and folded bodice. It is becoming and quite new.

Steel trimmings are seen now upon tulle; and the ethereal effect of the gauzy fabric is intensified by the gleaming of the polished metal.

Did it ever occur to anyone, I wonder, that in these days of hurry and "no-time for anything-but-business-I-can-assure-you," that timepieces are more common than ever before. As if to aggravate us by their continual announcement that Time is not waiting for us, they frown and smile and peer from all places. On the stairway the old clock swings out its solemn warning, marble ones tick softly on the mantel; alarm clocks, with brazen tongues, hurl defiance at sleep, and watches click in pockets and smile from leather or golden bracelets. Truly, at no period has Fashion been so interwoved in Time's flight. Scott did say, in speaking of an old knight that he had a "fidgetty" regard for the time, which failing, he averred, was common to those who had "a great deal of that commodity on hand." I wonder then, if that be true, whether the busiest ones look the less often at the time of day.

I want to preach a little sermon on a topic of intense interest. My text is: "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart; and I mean—hats.

Hats at the matinee—for most sensible people do remove them in the evening—are a nuisance, a big, bobbing nuisance.

The text is, I believe, quite applicable to this subject, for people always imagine that it is some other hat which is a nuisance. (I know all about such thoughts for I've had them.)

I had been quite decided in the opinion that my particular head-gear was, of course, well-behaved; that being of reasonable size it was not a cause of unreserved mental wishes for my removal. But one day, amid my quiet reflections as to the cruelty of people who will wear high or broad or much bedecked hats in the theater, I was surprised by the advent of one which rose-bifid mine in shape and size. I was horrified, bewildered and ashamed. I looked. I was convinced. I was resolved. I took it off. Deliberately, for the sake of suffering humanity to the rear, I laid my hat on my lap. My sense of justice was satisfied, but my very soul waxed wroth against that hat in front.

There were, in my range of vision, that afternoon, five hatless women, and I think I shall continue counting just to see if more women will not be kind enough and just enough to remove their hats at the matinees. It is only a matter of a few moments, and you're no idea how much better you will feel, and with what a weightless conscience you can grumble at other offenders.

CLIP CARSW.

The Extraordinary Weather.

Tramp—Please help an unfortunate man. I ain't had any work at my trade all winter.

Benevolent Passer—What is your trade?

Tramp—Shovellin' snow, sir.

Church Talks.

Sunday morning last found me in Immanuel Baptist Church. It is a costly-arranged house of worship, and one would know—apart from the new look everything wears—that it has been furnished quite recently. I mean as regards the scheme of color. The pale shades of the stained windows, the ashes-of-roses tints on the walls, the very æsthetic coloring of the organ draping show latter-day taste in the choice of shades. The building is finished in oak, and the one touch of rich crimson in the altar curtains makes a complete and harmonious whole.

I thought as I glanced about me that the small church would be perfect if it were not for the hideous bronze gaseliers, which hurt my eyes each time I caught a glimpse of them. Ugh! They are dreadful. The light striking on them gave them greasy shades of bright colors, and reminded me of kerosene floating on water.

The singing of the opening hymn was good, but in the second or third the voices gradually dropped off. The tune trembled and almost died away, then took a fresh start and was controlled mainly by the choir and a tenor voice to my right which reached me across a half-dozen intervening seats.

I can't see why people do not know their church tunes. Don't they go to church enough, or why is it? As a part of the service singing is, to me, the most enjoyable. It is often prayer, praise and sermon in one exercise, and it ought to be better.

The sermonizer on this occasion was a student from McMaster Hall. He had an accent which puzzled me, and the first fifteen minutes I spent in trying to put him in his proper place among the countries. A very decided pronunciation of the word "early"—a pretty voicing of the vowels, and a trembled trill on the "r"—made me think "Scotch." His preaching was of the aggressive type. He assailed the doctrines held by those disagreeing with him, principally that of "perfect sanctification." He spoke of the dual nature, explaining that while the spirit of goodness did dwell in man, while one tendency was to righteousness, the affairs of the world and the temptations of the evil one were ever present and oftentimes victorious.

Stern of face, with a decided ring in his voice, an emphatic gesture, a fearless, piercing eye, he flung his heart-felt words out, and felt, I fancy, glad that they were taking effect.

The visible and outward sign of an inward disagreement is interesting to watch in its progression.

One old lady took down her bible, and began turning over the leaves. I daresay she was in search of some text to prove the fallacy of the reasoning from the pulpit. Men fidgeted, two men looked solemnly this way and that. In fact glances were flying from pew to pew, while brains were doubtless in a tangle of curiosity to know "how that suits Mr. Y or Mrs. A."

That same old story of caps which fit the "rest of the congregation." I liked the sermon. I admired its fearlessness. People can seldom agree on one point in every particular, for livers are so different, circumstances so particularly singular, that we must generally give our argumentative powers a dose of charity before we begin to explain things to the benighted "heathen" who do not see as we do.

ETELKA.

How to Paint a Screen Panel with Tapestry Dyes.

(See Illustrati n on page 10.)

The very charming design for a screen after the manner of Watteau, writes Maude Haywood in the *Decorator and Furnisher*, is best painted in French style, using the delicate blues, yellows and pinks so much affected in the coloring of his period. After stretching the canvas, which should be of the best wool, and carefully tacking an enlarged outline of the subject, proceed to lay in the sky, middle distance and foreground in flat, broad washes, blending them more or less one into the other. Use Grenles' dyes, the brushes and other materials according to the instructions given in former numbers of the *Decorator and Furnisher*. Mix a pale tint of indigo in about half medium and half water, wash this all over nearly two-thirds of the sky, covering also the part where the leaf work and its leaves are to come; and for the flower portion use medium and water, only just transgressing the line of the horizon. To gain a sunset effect, which would be very desirable in this picture, work into this lower part while still quite wet, first pale, clear yellow (mixed of course in medium and water), and afterward a little ponceau or rose. Colors must never be used without the medium, and if necessary to dilute them more, water as well. Care in this is almost dry, yet still moist enough for the color to blend softly without running in the least, lay in the distant trees and foliage on the horizon with indigo and cochineal mixed, keeping it very light, yet sufficiently dark to contrast well with the sky and preserving the relations of tone indicated in the copy. The distant water paint very light blue (indigo) with sunset reflections, add green to the cochineal and indigo for the moorland, and a little yellow as it comes forward. Break and graduate the tones, using light yellow with a little ponceau, and perhaps a touch of gray where a pathway seems to be indicated. In the foreground, as a foundation, it is a good plan to lay it in brokenly with clear very light yellow, blue and green, kept separate on the canvas. The tall trees should be put in with blue, cochineal and a little green, and the trunks perhaps a little sanguine in place of the green added to the blue and cochineal. The building might have the roof of ponceau dulled with gray, and the rest of it gray only.

When the first ground is quite dry the figures are the next consideration. Put in the markings and broad shadow of the girl's face in two shades of sanguine, and that wash in a very pale tint of the same, the first being thoroughly dry, and into this while still moist, after touching in a little ponceau for the color of the cheeks, work green, made of indigo and yellow carefully, leaving the bright light on the edge of the face and shoulders, the brilliancy of which may be enhanced by scraping it with the rounded blade of a penknife after it is quite dry. The white wigs should be painted with gray and a very little yellow may be added or worked in separately. The girl's dress would look best light pink, the shadows of ponceau, sanguine and gray, the wash of light ponceau with a little yellow, and the half tones of a lighter tint of the shadow color mixed pinker or grayer as required. The flowered sprays may be blended in before the dress is quite dry with ponceau and brown. The man's coat might be lavender of ponceau, ultramarine and sanguine, kept warm in the shadows and colder and bluer in the light parts; his hat and hair how plum color, made with blue, cochineal, sanguine and ponceau; his knee-breeches, golden brown, of brown and yellow; his stockings white, and his shoes black, with red heels.

For the border, after scraping the lighter parts where necessary, put in the latticework in brownish green tones, using brown, yellow, indigo and green, and varying them with judgment; for the base get rather a stony effect with gray, working in separately light blue, yellow, sanguine and cochineal. Put in the vine crisply and daintily with greens, using indigo, yellow and sanguine, working up the immediate foreground with the same colors and, perhaps, a little cochineal, all the rest of the background if properly laid in should have been finished in the first painting.

There are certain ignoble facts in life which we can best combat by ignoring them. A slight of almost any sort ceases to be when you cease to consider it.

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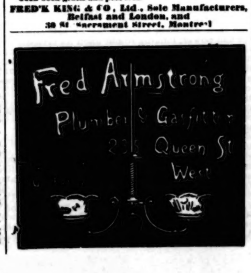

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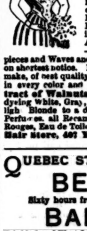

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HECLA.

By MARION HARLAND.

When Nature made the twins, Lucy and Sara Knight, she blundered in haste or carelessness, or was guilty of a practical joke upon highly respectable and unimaginative parents. It was patent to mother, sisters and visitors that she had misplaced the infant souls, by the time the children were six months old. When they were grown, it was a standing jest in a community just then addicted to "Pinafore," that the facetious mother of us all had "mixed these maidens up."

Their twinship seemed absurd, even to casual acquaintances. Not a feature or trick or tone or manner betrayed it. Lucy was a tall brunette and Juncesque in build. The curl of the short upper lip was pride incarnate, her deep, gray eyes had black shadows in their depths; she wore her head aloft and walked as queen should; her contralto voice had a sub-tone of repressed passion, so inconsistent with the triviality of her speech, that people were surprised and provoked when they could elicit nothing else. She looked like a Medea whose very calms were deadly, and portended tempest. Her family knew her as an amiable pack-horse, her friends as the meekest and shyest of social lay-figures, conscientious to a fault, pa ient to a miracle.

"You have no more character than a bowl of vanilla junket!" said Sara, fiercely, to her one morning, as they talked over a party they had attended the previous evening.

Most people spoke of Lucy as "Sara's sister," despite her superiority in size, and the fact that she had preceded her twin into the world by half-an-hour. The lesser ruled the larger, as Titania ruled Peascod and Cobweb. Sara was the fairest of blondes, and *petite*. Her hair would have been flaxen but for the golden glints upon the waves; her eyes were wide and pure blue; her lips cherry-ripe; her cheeks had the violet flush, at once soft and clear, one revels over in the heart of a Katherine Mermit rose. From sunny poll to twinkling toes, she was alive and electrique—the sauciest, merriest, daringest sprite that ever turned a lover's head and shocked a duenna.

While Lucy sewed now upon a long white seam, her exquisitely-molded hand drawing the thread out in slow lengths with rhythmic regularity, her sister and sovereign, perched upon the head of a lounge close by, twittered like a sun-bleached linnet.

"Milk-and-water is *sauce fortare* by comparison," she continued, nipping and rending with her pink nails a water-lily snatched from a bowiful upon Lucy's washstand.

Dan Hyde had sent them, an hour before, and the present tirade sprang up from this circumstance.

"Why, I just couldn't keep it to myself another minute. Dan would murder me if he knew I had let out his secret. He charged me not to breathe it to anybody—least of all to you—you ungrateful, unsympathetic alabaster slab! He calls you his 'still pale angel!' I don't believe angel's veins run iced glycerine. Lucy Knight! if you don't blush or prick your finger, or break your needle, or do something abnormally like other people, I shall fall upon you and tear you limb from limb! I hardly believe this flower has more human feeling than you. You take the news that one of the finest fellows in town loves you to distraction, as coolly as if I had said, 'Lucy, do you know that water-lilies have yellow centies!'

Lucy did not lift her eyes, or intermit the setting of minute stitches of uniform length.

"I do not see that there is anything for me to say," she answered, in the deep monotone that were more than half-a-dozen tones in feeling.

"You are very kind, I am sure, to tell me all the pleasant things Mr. Hyde said to you of me, and he was very kind to say them."

In weak tints would one dare to use words to convey it, Sara flung the maltreated lily at her. It hit Lucy's cheek and fell upon her "white work." She picked it up, turned it this to see whether or not it could be repaired, and apparently decided that it was hopelessly injured, dropped it into the waste paper basket, and went on setting minute stitches. Sara swung her toe against a chair and upset it.

"I don't see what he sees in such a constitution of starch and alabaster as this!" she jerked out. "It did not seem so preposterous while he was telling me in the conservatory—not the least more preposterous than music—how he had loved you for three years, and could never get near enough to you to intimate the truth. He looked so miserable, and tragic, and nice, that I couldn't help saying what a perfectly lovely disposition you have and how helpful and unselfish you are, and how devoted I am to you, and that nothing would please me more than to have him for a brother. There! I am glad of it!" in savage sincerity.

Lucy had run the point of the needle under her nail. Her brows contracted, and her whitening lips were pressed closely together, as she dipped the wounded member in the bowl of water, and then stanched the blood with her handkerchief.

"It does bleed, doesn't it?" remarked Sara, cool and malicious. "That does surprise me somewhat!"

In the next second she collapsed into an unexpected bunch of blue foulard and flaxen fluff upon the "white work," and burying her tear-ful face in Lucy's fichu, begged her to "forgive her for all the despicably abominable things she had said."

Lucy fondled her silently as she might a hurt kitten, or frightened rabbit.

"I know you don't mean all you say, dear," she said, with unmoved gentleness. "And it is awkwardness, not ingratitude, that makes to me seem ungracious. I am not quick of speech as you are. Or of wits, either, for that matter. You must bear with what can't be cured."

"And you will be kind to Dan when he asks you to marry him, won't you?" pleaded the other, with wet eyes and trembling mouth.

"He will at the first opportunity. He said so. And he is so doubtful of your feelings that a slight rebuff will drive him away from the subject. You see, Lu, you never had an offer, and don't understand how much encouragement a modest man needs in such circumstances. You must do your part or you'll love him to a dead certainty."

A wave of color, so faint that Sarah could not guess how it scorched the dark, still face, flickered over Lucy's forehead.

"Since he did not mean for you to speak of it to any one, wouldn't it be honorable for us to let the matter drop here, and try not to think of it again?" she said in her level tones, as she picked up the white work and gave it a little shake to get out the creases Sara's weight had left in it.

Sara stared at her in intensest scorn.

"If I say another word, I'll be sorry for it," she uttered, in desperate composure, and flung herself out of the room.

At nine o'clock that evening the girls were in the drawing-room. Amity was completely restored, and Lucy was playing a diligently correct accompaniment to Sara's singing, when Dan Hyde entered. Both sisters saw him, and his courteous gesture of entreaty that they should finish the song. Sara smiled with her eyes and nodded, warbling spiritedly all the while. Greeting Lucy's fingers as accident as in stitch-setting. Time and tune were accurate. Her playing was like her voice in speaking, mechanical, yet holding vague intimations of an imprisoned soul.

The brilliant little blonde had an inspiration, and a bit of swift telegraphy went on behind Lucy's back. Neither of the respondents thought of the mirror in which the dumb show was repeated.

Within fifteen minutes after the three sat down together, Dan had asked Sara for a book he had lent her, and she had flown upstairs to get it before Lucy could offer to do the errand.

The elder sister sat down again on the opposite side of the fire from the visitor, with an inarticulate murmur of embarrassment he mistook for dissatisfaction. Her face was as fine and cool as a marble Minerva's. She leaned back in her chair, her small beautiful hands overlapping one another at the wrists, and relieved artistically by the maroon of her velvet gown. She looked altogether composed and a trifle weary. Heavy rain had come on with the night, and in the dead, brief silence succeeding Sara's flight they heard the wash and thud of the wind-driven flood against the shuttered window.

Dan Hyde might not be a confident lover, but his was not the faint heart that never wins. He led off tolerably well.

"How cozily delightful home and fireside are on a night like this!" he began, in a natural, colloquial strain.

"Very," responded Lucy, dryly.

"It makes one long for a home of his own," was the rooser's next advance.

Lucy's face paled and stiffened. She gazed steadily into the ruddy palpitations of the grate, and could not have spoken to save her soul.

At this exact instant an ignited lump of coal rattled from the top of the heap into the fender, and both stooped for the tongs. Dan secured them, picked up the fragments, laid them in place, restored the tongs to the rack, crossed the rug and took a chair beside Lucy's. Another clatter called his eyes to the unlucky fire. The tongs had slipped their moorings and lay kicking widely on the hearth. As quickly as her sister could have moved Lucy sprang forward set them up, and crossing the rug in her turn, took a straight-backed reception chair, the whole width of the hearth distant from her suitor.

Dan's face glowed like the hottest coals, to which Lucy's eyes went back with a show of unwonted interest; then it paled to the hue of cold ashes.

"I would be a conceited fool if I did not understand why you did that, Miss Knight," he said, huskily. "I came here to-night to say something to you which I see you are not willing to hear. I have too much respect for you to torment you with an unwelcome suit. Good-night, Lucy! God bless you!"

He took up the impassive fingers that lay like ice in his, and with some effort to hide dying make to speak, she forced three words through her throat:

"I am sorry!"

"I know you are very sorry for my disappointment. You have nothing to reproach yourself with. You never lured me on to a proposal. You are all noble, all maidenly. Good-bye, again!"

It took Sara sixty-seven minutes by the hall clock to look for the borrowed volume, and then she presented herself below stairs, empty-handed. Lucy sat alone by the dying fire. The wind howled desolately, and hailed drops of hail found their way down the chimney.

"Where is Dan?" Sara stopped just within the door to ejaculate.

"He went away soon after you left us," said Lucy; indifferently, or dreamily.

"Lucy Knight! if you have sent him off, I will never forgive you! I prepared you for what he had to say!"

If Lucy ever sneered, there was a sneer now upon her pure lineaments. She dropped herself to her feet, which felt dead and queer. Sitting so long in the straight-backed chair had cramped her limbs. But she walked firmly across the room to shut the piano.

"Perhaps you prepared me a little too well?" she said. "We will not speak of it again. Mr. Hyde has nothing to reproach himself with. How it rains! I hope the sashes are locked all over the house."

A year later there was a wedding at which Dan Hyde was the bridegroom. Among the first to follow the congratulatory relatives, when the ceremony was over, came the twin-sisters. Sara kissed her sister, and clasped lately-wedded husband, as arch and piquant as ever. Lucy was in the escort of a perfunctory usher, who was sister to the bride.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Hyde!" she said, in her low, rich monotone, looking him directly in the eyes, that Dan could not say less. She never wasted words.

A New England man whom his best friend described as a "volcano shut up in an iceberg," once spoke to me of his 'agony of incommunicableness.'

Let those whose channels of speech are deep and free, comment upon this obstruction, with the heart, thank God for a blessing received and a sorrow withheld.

"That girl should have been christened Hecla!" said Dan Hyde quick-witted, and the hearted wife to him, after the bridal call paid to them by the sisters.

Dan laughed lightly. He was a sensible, practical fellow, and very much in love with his second choice.

"The volcano is the work of your imagination, my pet. Or, if you are in the right, life is too short to be spent in thawing a thousand feet of ice upon the chance of finding fire at the bottom."

The Ghost of Glamis.

"The story is that the secret, whatever it may be, is only known to the existing Lord Strathmore, the eldest son, and the heir, and the factor—that is, a Scotch version of an English land steward. The secret is not communicated to the eldest son by his father on his death-bed, which would be a very unsafe arrangement, but it is told when the eldest son comes of age, and is supposed to be of such peculiar horror, that it has the effect of transforming him from a joyous youth into a moody melancholy man. There, are, of course, disrespectful people who say that a Scot would never be a really joyous youth, and that the true explanation of the total want of perception of the ludicrous, which is supposed to result from the revelation of the family mystery, is merely to be found in the national incapacity for understanding a joke. The reason why the factor is included in the affair is supposed to be to provide against the loss of the secret if anything happened unexpectedly to the lord before the heir reached the age of twenty one; but it is highly probable that the secret, whatever it may be, has some bearing on the property and entailing, it is, perhaps, advisable that the man who manages the estates, should be 'in it.' With regard to the mystery itself, nothing is known for certain, and the subject is rigorously rabooed at Glamis Castle.

"That there is a secret portion of the castle is quite true, for this fact is betrayed by locked doors which are never opened. It is impossible to locate the part, but it would seem that the secret rooms are not lighted by windows, for an inquisitive lady once peeped into the windows, the hidden chamber, and with this view, arranged with the guests that towels should be hung simultaneously from all the windows. Towels were put out in this way, and the result was that, viewed from the outside, every window appeared garnished, but the conclusion was that either the secret part of the castle was not lighted at all, or else must be lighted from above. When the then Lord Strathmore heard of this prank he was exceedingly annoyed, and the lady's visit came to an abrupt end.

"It is also a remarkable fact that none of the ladies of the family have ever succeeded in worming this secret out of their husbands, and one or two who boldly announced before marriage that they would never wed until they had found out what it was, were obliged to own after matrimony that all their efforts had been unsuccessful.

"The legends that have been invented to explain the secret are various and numerous. One tells of a gigantic figure dressed as a Highlander, which appears to the guests and causes them a great deal of consternation by his ferocious appearance. Sometimes they wake in the middle of the night to find this dreadful being bending over them with threatening gestures; sometimes they see him flitting along the corridors, and he possesses a disagreeable faculty of passing through closed doors as easily as open ones. On several occasions when he has been followed by bolder spirits than the rest, he has disappeared through the locked and apparently unused door, which is supposed to lead to the secret wing of the castle. This Highlander is said to be the spirit of some ancestor of the family who committed more than the usual run of atrocities in the Middle Ages, and incurred more than the usual amount of curses, with the result that he has been making it uncomfortable for his family ever since.

"Another legend, equally wild, is that of a terrible and fiendish old man resident in a secret chamber to whom the heir, after much prayer and fasting, is dragged on the evening of his majority. This is the spirit of an ancestor who had sold himself to the devil, to serve some private ends, and who is condemned to be a curse to his posterity, to haunt them and embitter their thoughts, to force them into error and make their lives a burden to them through melancholy, until such time as an heir on his first introduction shall of his own initiative do a certain thing. What the thing is, is not even conjectured, but it is quite certain that it must be something unlikely and difficult, for it has never occurred to the imagination of the Strathmore heirs, or if it has they have not succeeded in carrying it out. When it is done, however, the spell will be lifted, the curse will be removed, the fiendish old gentleman will go to hades, and the Strathmores that come after will be able to appreciate a witticism without any necessity for a surgical operation. More prosaic stories allege that the title deeds of the estate are lost, but as there is such a thing as a law of prescription, it is difficult to see why such a trifling matter should invest the family for long in gloom.

"Another legend tells of an extraordinary and monstrous birth which is hidden away in the secret rooms of the Castle, and has lived to an age surpassing that of man. The only facts definitely known, however, are that there is a secret, that it is known to the two heads of the family, and to no other member, and that strangely enough it is known to one other person outside the family. But whether the secret is legal, unnatural or monstrous is a question which people may rack their brains about without coming to any definite conclusion. Only let them be warned to try no tricks, and develop no unseemly curiosity at Glamis, for the lord of the Castle is quick to take offence on this point."

Life.

Born of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain,
of agony and fear, of care and joy—devoured
with the wealth of two united hearts—held in
happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted fount,
blue veined and fair, where perfect peace finds
perfect forum—rocked by willing feet and wooed
to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother
singing soft and low—looking with round-orbed
wide and startled eyes at common things of
life and day—taught by want and wish and
contact with the things that touch the dimpled
flesh of babes—lured by light and flame and
charmed by color's wondrous robes—learning
the use of hands and feet, and by the love of
mingled kindred—lured to wonderful knowledge
prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious
marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling
the brain with crooked numbers and shifting
changing, tangled words—and so through years
of alternating day and night, until the captive
grows familiar with the chains and walls and
limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade until the
one of all the world is wooed and won, and all
the lore of love is taught and learned again.
Again a home is built with the fair chamber
wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy
vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again
the miracle of birth—the pain and joy, the kiss
of welcome and the cradle song, drowning the
drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of
wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears
for the imprisoned and despised—love for the
generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of
a high resolve.

And then ambition with its lust of pelf and
place and power, longing to put upon its breast
distinction's worthless badge. Then keener
thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the
smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by
the obsequious crings of gain and power—
knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold and
honor brought from those who charge the
scars of self-respect—of power that only lends
a coward's knees and forces from the lips of
fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the
unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes
made rich with honest thought, and holding
high above all other things—high as hope's
great throbbing star above the darkness of the
dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

Then locks of gray, and growing love of other
days and half-remembered things—then hold-
ing withered hands of those who first held his,
while over dim and loving eyes death softly
presses down the lids of rest.

And so, locking in marriage vows his chil-
dren's hands, and crossing others on the
breasts of peace, with daughters' babes upon
his knees, the white hair mingling with the
gold, he journeys on from day to day to that
horizon where the dusk is waiting for the
night—sitting by the holy hearth of home, as
the last embers change from red to gray, he
falls asleep within the arms of her he wor-
shiped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips
love's last and holiest kiss.—*Robt. G. Ingersoll.*

The Girls That a Young Man Rages About

A Society Mystery.

Scene: A Ballroom.

Miss Hatemall—What do it mean?
Miss Alwayso—Dreadful, isn't it?
Madam Hatemall—Who is it, my dear? I cannot use my lorgnettes effectively in this crowd.
Miss Hatemall—Why, that horrid Miss Veriplaine—just surrounded by a crowd of men. All of them are crowding around her. There must be something mysterious about it. Possibly a secret fortune. It's dreadful!
Miss Alwayso—Of course it is, and she the plainest and dowdiest-dressed girl in the room. If she had a mint of money she couldn't look well. A man would have to marry her with his eyes shut.
Miss Heviwate—There's Will Toward crowding up. Regie Rattlebrain is leaning over her and making himself as delightful as he knows how.
Madam Thoughtlesse—It was only a week ago that he was making himself so attentive to my Grace. I shall remember it.
Miss Hatemall—There goes Harry Hardup—and, bless me, Ned Neversmile, the immaculate. How can he make such a spectacle of himself!
Miss Paschblow—Why, the rest of us might look as well go home. She has become a perfect queen.
Miss Alwayso—Really, I'm not very old—
Chorus (sympathetically)—Of course not.—
Miss Alwayso (severely)—I was intending to say that although my experience has been very limited, only having been abroad twice, and not since I became out, this goes far beyond me. It has almost destroyed my confidence in my own eyes.
Miss Hatemall—An! here comes Will Toward. He'll tell us what it means. He hasn't brains enough to know that we're pumping him. Good evening, Mr. Toward (sweetly). Do tell us why all the men in the room are crowding around Miss Veriplaine.
Will Toward—Oh! Ah! Of course! Very good! She's sitting by the punch bowl, you know. Awfully jolly punch. Strong! Oh, awfully strong, don't you know.
Chorus—Oh! That's it? I thought it was another piece of her finishing. I don't she perfectly dreadful!—*Tom Hall in Life.*

New York Society Men Must Dance.

In New York among the so-called "smart" set, there are some men who "don't dance," they are very few. Even the most blase society man finds its monotony to his advantage to dance at times, whether he likes it or not. A matron whose dinners are a proverb in New York, once said she never unloaded chaperoning an ugly girl to a dance provided she could talk well, as "my young men know they've got to dance with her once at all events." The truth is that our dancing men are recruited from a younger set of men than in London. There the youths of 18 to 21, who form more than a half of those who caper over our floors, are not to be seen. They are at college, at school or working for the army. In New York the youths of that age are in business down town. A small proportion are at Harvard, Yale or Princeton, and even these can get up town more frequently than can Oxford or Cambridge men, who know but few girls as they come to London, owing to the strict way in which girls are brought up in England. Except may be, at Christmas, a girl "not out" goes to no dances of any kind, such a thing as dancing classes and "not out" dances being unheard of. The Harvard, Yale or Princeton boy comes, on the contrary, to New York knowing half a hundred pretty girls in their teens who are ready to welcome him and dance with him. In consequence he is broken in to harness and taught good habits very young.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Silent Courtship.

A time-honored anecdote exists in the West Riding of Yorkshire, illustrative of the silent style of courtship, which may be worth repeating.

A young couple walked out together for the first time as lovers, by some mysterious understanding, felt but unexpressed. Only once during the walk was the silence between them broken, when the youth touchingly observed:

"Treacle's risen, Sarah."

"Has it?" said Sarah, affectionately.

On they walked, through many fields and country lanes, and nothing more was said until the time came for parting. Then the ardent lover mustered up courage to ask:

"When mun I come again?"

"When treacle settles," was the calm response, and they went their several ways.

Happy Thought.

Sunday School Teacher—Now tell me what the Epistles are?

First Scholar—I dunno.

Second Scholar—I does.

Teacher—Well, Johnny, what are the Epistles?

Upwood Scholar—The Epistles are the wives of the Apostles.—*America.*

They Were Hornets.

We were waiting on the depot platform in a new town in Alabama, and as the dozen of us walked up and down, some one espied a wasps' nest hanging on a bush across the track. He pointed it out as a wasps' nest, but a short, solid man, who had a head like a cannon ball and a jaw denoting great firmness of character, at once replied:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you have made the common mistake of classing the wasps with the hornets. That is a hornets' nest."

"And, I beg your pardon, sir," protested the other, who was a planter, "that hornets don't nest that way. They build mud houses under the eaves of old buildings, and one won't sting you unless you pick him up. My niggers declare that no wasp can sting if he wants to, while on the contrary a hornet——"

"I beg to differ with you, sir," interrupted the solid man. "That is a wasps' nest. You are right about the wasp being a peaceful insect, and I think I will take that nest along for a souvenir. They say they are a sure cure for quinsy."

"Do you know a hornet from a wasp?"

"I should remark!"

"Well, when you get through with that nest I want you to tell me whether it was occupied by hornets or wasps. Gentlemen, look out for yourselves!"

He started for the woods and we followed, and when we reached a safe distance and looked back, the man with the iron jaw was just cutting off the limb which held the nest. He held it up and called to us to come and see it, but this call was followed by a yell which would have done credit to a Comanche warrior with a double Adam's apple in his throat. The big yell was followed by a series of hoots, whoops, exclamations and gymnastics, and these were accompanied by gymnastics of an intricate character. He jumped, dodged, twisted, and cavorted, and finally started down the track on a gallop. Seventy minutes later, and just as the train whistled, he came out of the woods, dead lame, one eye shut, his nose as big as his fist, and his head bare.

"Hornets or wasps?" queried the planter.

"Hornets, by thunder!" groaned the victim as he hurried to get his valise.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"Let Her Go, Gallagher."

In a new handbook on subjects commonly omitted from cyclopedias, by Henry Fredini Reddall, the familiar colloquialism given above, receives the following paragraph:

This phrase, at one time heard all over the United States, had its origin with Judge Beaver of Morgan County, Ky. He had a trotting mare, which was ridden by one Gallagher, city marshal of Harrodsburg. On one occasion the judge entered the mare at a trotting meeting in Tipton County. Some sports there thought of catching the judge for once, so they entered a noted fast trotter against his mare. At the end of the first half-mile trot Gallagher passed under the wire neck and neck at a 2 40 pace. The judge shouted: "Let her go, Gallagher"; and Gallagher, catching the word, let loose the lines, when the mare picked up her feet and walked away from her opponent most beautifully, coming in at the pole more than a dozen lengths ahead.

Vers de Societe.

The fashionable wife of a colonel
Once ran a society journal,
She chaperoned prudes,
In the presence of dudes,
In a manner quite prim and maternal!

In a box of Chinese lacquer
Once reposed a fire-cracquer;
The cracquer it was loaded,
Whereupon is shen exploded,
With a smoke like damp tobacquer.

Sweet, young Edith Cholmondeley,
Gracious, good, and colmondeley,
Is followed by beaux,
Wher-ver she yeaux,
Blindly, deaf-and-dolmondeley.

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Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
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TELEPHONE 1108.

Wedding Jewels.

"Two of 'em to be married at once!" said Aunt Amaranth. "Well, that's good luck for Emily Jane. Six girls are a dreadful dispensation of Providence."

"I don't imagine mamma thinks so, Aunt Amaranth," said Lucy Pond, coloring.

"she don't say so, of course, out of consideration for the feelings of you girls." said Aunt Amaranth, sourly; "but there's no sort of doubt but that she thinks so, poor dear! I don't know why you couldn't, some of you, have had the sense to be boys!

"You talk as if we did it on purpose," said Lucy, half laughing.

"Well, how do I know but what you did?" retorted Aunt Amaranth. "You needn't bang the dishes about in that way. You've cracked more teacups, Lucy Pond, and chipped the edges of more saucers in the six weeks that you have been here, than I did since I've kept house!"

Lucy's lip quivered; the roses deepened on her cheeks.

"I try to be careful," she said.

"No, you don't!" said Aunt Amaranth, tartly. "You don't try to do anything except curl your hair and fix over your gowns and read books of poetry when you ought to be sewing for me. How do you expect to pay for your board and lodging eise?

"Your black dress is finished, Aunt Amaranth, and I did up all your muslin caps yesterday, and every pair of silk stockings is darned so you can't see the join."

Aunt Amaranth raised her hands.

"Oh, there you go again!" said she. "It is your chief failing, Lucy Pond, to want to argue every question that comes up. I do wish I could break you of that!"

Lucy made no answer, but her compressed rosebud of a mouth, the two red spots on her cheeks, and the mechanical drumming of her fingers on the table near by, evinced the unquietness of her spirit.

How she would have liked to fling all her aunt's ostentatious patronage back in her face, and return to the city where the five sisters were all happy together! But that was out of the question.

Mrs. Pond was poor; it cost a great deal to live. Lucy, after all, was only one of six, and it had been considered a fine thing for the little maiden when Aunt Amaranth Jay had given her a grudging invitation to come and visit her. And here were Clara and Bessie to be married to young Doctor Clifford and Harry McVicker—yes, Aunt Amaranth was right, it did seem as if the sun of good luck were rising on the Pond horizon once more.

"I suppose," said Aunt Amaranth, still following up the thread of her reflections as she knitted a cadily away at her black silk mitten, "they'll expect some sort of a wedding present from me."

"I don't think they'll expect anything of the sort, Aunt Amaranth."

"Girls always do. Well, let me see. I'm rich, but there's that solid silver salver of mine. I could have the initials rubbed out and replaced with C. P. for Clara Pond, and I've kept that set of family jewels all these years—"

"Oh, Aunt Amaranth, don't!"

"Brooch and ear-rings!" authoritatively enunciated the old lady. "Girls always like trinkets. Bessie is the eldest. Bessie shall have the pin and ear-drops. They ought to go in the family."

But when this news reached the Pond tribe, great was the consternation it produced.

"Aunt Amaranth's opals, indeed!" said Bessie, a tall, slim, young brunette. "I wouldn't have them if you were to give me a thousand dollars. Of all gems, opals are the unluckiest!"

"My dear, that's all nonsense!" said Mrs. Pond, a gentle, dove-eyed little widow, with golden hair streaked with silver. "I've been wishing that we could afford you a pretty set of topaz, or something, and—"

"But I wouldn't wear opals," said Bessie.

"Well, then, suppose you take the salver, and Clara—"

"No, thanks!" said Clara, with a toss of the yellow head that was like her mother's. "I don't want any second-hand ill luck, either."

"But what will your aunt say?"

"What she pleases," said Clara.

"She is so kind to dear Lucy."

"I am sure that's no merit on her part," said Bessie. "No one could help being kind to Lucy."

"What am I to say to her?" sighed Mrs. Pond.

"The truth, mamma, of course."

Undoubtedly this was good advice, yet the truth is by no means always palatable. Aunt Amaranth was very angry.

"The jewels were good enough for the Jay family," said she. "I don't know why the Ponds should turn up their noses at 'em. However, let 'em do as they please. It's their business, not mine, if Bessie chooses to do without her wedding present. What is it, Lucy? the minister again? It seems to me he calls pretty often, don't he?"

"Y-yes, perhaps he does," admitted Lucy, with downcast eyelashes.

"Can't you see what he wants?"

"He asked for you, Aunt Amaranth."

"Well, I suppose I must go in and see him," said the old lady, adjusting her cap ribbons. "He's a very good young man. That last Sunday's sermon of his was really very good for a beginner."

She went in complacently, but when she came out, she looked reproachfully at Lucy.

"Lucy," said she, "is this true?"

Lucy hung down her head.

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I—I thought you must surely see it for yourself," murmured Lucy.

"Well, I suppose I have been blinder than any bat!" sighed the old lady. "It never once occurred to me that you would make any sort of minister's wife.

"I mean to try my best, Aunt Amaranth."

"And he wants you to be married right away. Well, you've been a good girl, Lucy," reluctantly conceded the old lady, "and we'll go shopping this afternoon and get you a gown or two, and a bonnet and a shawl. I suppose you will want to go home and be married where Clara and Bessie are?"

"If you don't object, aunt."

"Much good my objecting would do," said the shrewd old lady. "Well, young folks will be young folks, and I must look out for a wedding present for you now."

Lucy lifted her soft brown eyes to Aunt Amaranth's face. She had pitied the old lady's disconsolate over when the opals had been so ruthlessly rejected by the other two brides.

"Aunt Amaranth," said she, "you need not look out for anything new for me. You have spent a great deal of money on me already, and you are proposing to spend more. If you don't mind, why shouldn't I wear the jewels—the old family jewels—that you were going to give to Bessie?"

"Would you like them?" sharply demanded Aunt Amaranth.

"Yes."

"You have not any silly prejudice against opals?"

"No, Aunt Amaranth."

"Do you like them?"

"I am sure that I shall like anything that you give me, Aunt Amaranth," said she, "whatever it is."

"Humph!" said the old lady. "You are a good girl."

Great was the cooing and chattering when the three brides elect were together in the little red brick city house, each working on her own trousseau—for the Ponds were poor and dressmakers' bills were not to be thought of. But Lucy had shared the best of all, through Aunt Amaranth's unlocked-for generosity.

"She has been so good!" said Lucy, with sparkling eyes. "Oh, I'm so sorry that I ever was unjust or cross to her!"

"For all that," said Clara, "it would take more than Aunt Amaranth's silk gowns and pretty embroideries to induce me to wear those hideous opals of hers."

"I would wear anything to please Aunt Amaranth," said loyal Lucy.

"Suppose you show them to us," said Clara.

"Oh, I have not come into possession of them yet," said Lucy. "Aunt Amaranth is to bring them when she comes to the wedding."

"You won't wear them to be married in?"

"If Aunt Amaranth wishes it, I will."

And to this resolution Lucy bravely adhered, in spite of logic, persuasion or ridicule.

It was the night before the triple-wedding. Aunt Amaranth, fresh from her journey, was drinking tea and eating cold chicken at a corner of the table, and asking innumerable questions.

"Only three girls left, eh, Emily Jane?" said the old lady. "Well, if they're all as good as Lucy here, I almost wish they were mine. By-the-way, here's Lucy's brooch and earrings."

Mrs. Pond glanced timidly at the lilac-velvet case. In her secret heart she, too, feared the reputed ill-luck of opals; yet Aunt Amaranth was by far too important a person to offend.

"Do you want to put 'em on?" said the old lady, abruptly, to her favorite niece.

"Yes, aunt Amaranth," said Lucy, smiling. "He's coming to-night, I suppose!

"Oh, of course!"

"I should like him to see you wearing them," said Miss Jay, complacently.

"Then I will put them on," said Lucy, taking up the case.

"Let me do it, my dear," said Aunt Amaranth.

Two drops of fiery dew, a cross of glittering white stones flashed at Lucy's throat and in her little shell-like ears.

"Oh, Aunt Amaranth!" she cried out.

"Diamonds!" screamed Clara.

"But I thought," stammered Bessie, "that they were opals!"

"So they were once upon a time," said the old lady. "But I got tired of 'em. I never did fancy colored stones. So last year I changed 'em off, by adding a little to the sum total, and got the diamonds instead. Diamonds are the thing for a bride—eh, Lucy!"

"But, Aunt Amaranth," pleaded Lucy, "they are a deal too good for me."

"Not a bit," said the old lady stoutly. "They're not a particle brighter than those eyes of yours."

And of all the three brides, gentle little Lucy shone most radiantly, with the family jewels, on her marriage day.

"If we had only known!" said Clara.

"Oh, if!" cried Bessie.

"If is a big word for a little one!" said Aunt Amaranth. "You took your own choice, girls."

Stage Tears.

Among the many questions addressed to actresses by interviewers or other inquisitive persons, and which one hardly knows how to answer, are the following:

"Do you shed real tears when you are on the stage?"

"Is it right to do so?"

"Do you play better when you cry?"

"Don't tears spoil your make-up?"

"If you cannot cry you cannot feel the emotions of the character you personate, can you?"

Of course the next question is: "Does Miss Z. or Mrs. X. really cry or not? Are her tears genuine or a stage trick?" And so on, *ad infinitum*.

To the latter you may safely reply that, being of a less inquisitive turn of mind than the questioner, you are in complete ignorance as to the nature of the lachrymose display of Miss Z. or Mrs. X. Speaking of yourself, you may also briefly describe the physical facts of tears, by stating, which I think is most often the case, that sometimes you do cry, sometimes you do not, sometimes you play better with genuine tears, sometimes when your eyes are dry.

But, beneath and behind this rather irrelevant and bowel-promoting question of tears—which can be originated by physical weakness, nervous indisposition or other outside influence—there lurks another serious and important one, which is more difficult to solve and yet more difficult to explain.

How much a performer has to lose his own individuality in the assumed character; how much he has to feel its feelings, is a problem most interesting to the public and most essential to the performance.

It would be sheer conceit on my part to decide a subject which has evoked so many discussions by most competent judges. "You are to be the master of your part and not be mastered by it," says Talma; while Frederick Lemaitre, if I am not mistaken, claims that "we ought not to perform the character, but to live its life." In a recent controversy in the magazines, fresh in our minds, two actors, both of the most exalted rank in the profession, have expressed opinions on this very subject entirely at variance with each other.

The conclusion resulting from this variety of views seems to be that there is not such a thing as a general rule. The state of mind of Talma in his highest effort may have been quite different from that of Rachel in an analogous moment, and yet the effect obtained may have been the same.

I go further. It seems to me that the same rule cannot even be applied to the same performer on two different occasions.

Judging by myself, I can only say that a certain disposition, excitement, or whatever you call it, is at times a help—at times a hindrance to me. But, then, is it possible for us to give an exact analysis of our state of mind whilst we are playing, to state the exact share of our identity divided between our private character and the one we assume? To state accurately how much I feel that I am my own self, and how much that I am the other person, is a psychological puzzle that I am unable to solve. Of course, I know that I am sometimes more in my part, sometimes more out of it; but why it is so, and how much it is so, I cannot say.

And what is more I strongly suspect that only a very few among my brothers and sisters in art could answer it in regard to themselves.
—*Helena Modjeska in the Mirror.*

Mother Carey's Chickens.

One of the legends concerning this well-known phrase runs as follows: A young girl, named Mollie Carey, residing on one of the islands in the British Channel, had a sailor sweetheart, who was lost at sea. This affected her intellect, and she was accustomed to ramble about the cliffs during storms, carrying a supply of bread crumbs, which she scattered for the use of the petrels frequenting the island. In time the birds came to know her, and would flock about her, calling in their sharp cry for the food she carried. As she grew old, she became known as Mother Carey, and the birds who came to her for food were called her chickens—Mother Carey's chickens.

Whom to Fee.

Sleeping Car Porter—Had a pleasant trip, sah!

Passenger (getting into his overcoat)—Delightful!

Porter—Nothin' happened to mar youah pleasure, sah!

Passenger — Nothing whatever. Came through safe and sound.

Porter (insinuatingly)—Sometimes gem'men likes to give a small fee, sah, to——

Passenger—Good idea. I'll hand something to the engineer.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Nothing sharpens the arrow of sarcasm so keenly as the courtesy that polishes it. No reproach is like that we clothe with a smile and present with a bow.

"The Old Oaken Bucket,
The Iron-bound Bucket,
The Moss-covered Bucket,"

is very likely the one that has conveyed poisons to your system from some old well, whose waters have become contaminated from sewers, vaults, or percolations from the soil. To eradicate these poisons from the system and save yourself a spell of malarial, typhoid or bilious fever, and to keep the liver, kidneys and lungs in a healthy and vigorous condition, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It arouses all the excretory organs into activity, thereby cleansing and purifying the system, freeing it from all manner of blood-poisons, no matter from what cause they have arisen. All diseases originating from a torpid or deranged liver, or from impure blood, yield to its wonderful curative properties. It regulates the stomach and bowels, promotes good appetite and digestion, and cures Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," and Chronic Diarrhea. Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands and Tumors disappear under its use.

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After the Accident.

Mr. Solomon (recovering consciousness)—How much you vant for dem ol' clothes?—*Puck.*

No Means of Knowing.

"Hello, Macnurtry, what's new and startling in town?"

"Don't know. Haven't been to church for a month."—*Time.*

So It Is.

Belle—Do you think it is a sin to dance? Some people think it is.

Ray (indignantly)—Well, it is for some men.—*Time.*

Very Old Wine.

A.—I sent you a bottle of wine. Did you get it?

B.—O', yes, I got it.

A.—It is very old.

B.—Well, I should say it was now. You sent it by a messenger boy.

It Keeps Them Busy Too.

Smarty—I wonder how the moon manages to sustain her social status among the heavenly bodies when she gets full so often.

Tarry—Oh, the stars all wink at her delinquencies.—*Drake's Magazine.*

The Right One for Her.

"Do you know," remarked Willie Wishington to his friend, "that I think Miss Belle Peperton is an awfully nice girl. She is so bright, you know. She has such a keen sense of the ridiculous."

"She has!"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Then you should marry her if you can. It's very rarely that a man gets a wife who appreciates him."—*Washington Capital.*

Her New Year's Gift.

Young wife from Chicago—Well, dearest, tomorrow is the old New Year; what have you got for me to make my heart glad?

Husband—That divorce, love.

Young wife from Chicago—O, you darling.

Advantages of the Drop Shutter

Old Maid (who wants a portrait of her dog)—Do you take instantaneous photographs here?

Photographer's Boy—Yes, ma'am; run right in, and he'll take you afore you're a minute older.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

She Sympathized.

Young Setfast—Had a weal adventure the other day, Miss Sharpleigh. Went fishing and a great lowute of a farm dog made me stay with him twee hours.

Miss Sharpleigh—Poor old doggie.

After all, the joy of success does not equal that which attends the patient working.

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Southward Bound.

As usual I nearly missed the train. The excitement of doing this sort of thing is all there is in traveling worth paying for. The sensation of sitting about the house after one's newspaper and handkerchief have been packed is delicious. It has the appearance of anachronism and causes anxiety to the balance of the family lest you may have changed your mind and do not intend to go. It is not dignified to begin saying good-bye too much in advance. Wait till the hack comes, otherwise you may have to say your adieux several times over and towards the last may begin to mean them and choke up. This is bad form. The first families never choke up except with rage or highly flavored meat-pies. I hung back as long as I could and then fiercely bade the driver either catch the train or lose his situation. This is a proper caper as it shows the driver that you are afraid of neither him nor the cars. I am working up this reposeful business whereby one is enabled to convey by languor or by a song and dance without words that it is entirely immaterial which way it goes, in fact that if one only knew which way he wanted it to go that he'd really rather have it go the other way just to show how much he didn't care. I had to drop this line, though, and let my head hang out of the window while I yelled at the driver to hurry up and not spoil my round trip ticket to the tropics for which I had paid good hard money. The driver was so anxious to see me on board that he forgot to check my portmanteau, but a friend picked it up and threw it on board, so it didn't matter to anyone except the baggagemaster, who had hard work to get it out of the end of a milk can.

When the train pulled out I felt sad. I always feel that way when a train pulls out with me aboard. Probably the train feels just as bad as I do, or even worse, but it conceals it better. Even the Esplanade looked lovely as I thought I would not soon again see it, or anything so significant of bad city government. The gentlemen in the parlor car were very kind, the conductor was kindness itself, and the whole party kept the doors, windows and ventilators tightly shut for fear a draft might strike my miserable old rheumatism. It grew hot, melting hot, but no one kicked. They were all strangers to me, but the mufflers and crutches aroused their sympathy and I owned the car. Men are cold and critical, and sometimes mean and unfeeling, but the sight of a fellow-being in trouble makes the boys—and the best men are always "boys" when sentiment or sympathy comes in—quick to sacrifice their comfort and lend their services. With a gay readiness which came near making my eyes perspire, they did for me on that rainy New Year's day many little kindnesses and one great one. They brought to my mind the fact that men can be gentle, and that they never look so manly and worthy of admiration as when they seek to be good to others. I am going to try and act that way myself, occasionally. I'll be clumsy at it, for it will be new to me; but it did seem so good, the way the boys acted, that I sha'n't forget it.

I have very little to write about as this goes back from New York and will simply serve as an introduction to the stuff I will send up from Nassau in a couple of weeks—the steamers only run twice a month—but I want to say that the Erie Railway people are as white as they are made anywhere on this continent and their through service from Toronto to New York is perfect. This afternoon I embark on the steamship Cienfuegos for Nassau in the Bahamas.

NEW YORK. DON.

Music.

The professional interest in the College of Organists (Canada) continues unabated. The following letter from Mr. Arthur E. Fisher explains itself:

DEAR METRONOME,—I should not have replied to the letters of Mandy Vogt and Tory Tonic with reference to the proposed College of Organists, Canada, had it not been for the vein of animus running through them, personal to myself, and avoiding the main issue of my contention, which was to maintain that the scheme on which this so-called College is projected is, in my opinion, at present on an entirely wrong basis. I do not wish to occupy your valuable space more than I can help, and will primarily state that I cannot alter my opinions one iota from those contained in my letter of January 4, but I would like to make a few remarks on the letters above-mentioned.

In paragraph five of Mr. Vogt's letter, I am very glad to observe that I have gained one point, as he states "That no associates were or will be" (the italics are mine) "created on the strength of programmes played by them."

In paragraph six he refers to my "blustering tone," and enquires whether in my opinion any holder of the Canadian title does not possess qualifications which would compare "with the local holder of the minor English degree." I might certainly mention some names, but as I do not wish to enter into any controversy relating to the merits or demerits of the gentlemen belonging to the so-called College of Organists (Canada), I will refrain from doing so. With reference to paragraph 7, the comparison drawn by Mr. Vogt between the College of Organists (England) and the so-called College here is, at least to my mind, very peculiar. As to paragraph 9 I think it would be better if the College of Organists (England) were imitated in every detail, and not to minimise and depreciate the musical intelligence of the population here.

The innuendoes thrown out by the "president of the College of Organists, Canada," and presumably F.C.O., Canada, fall as harmless as the proverbial "water on a duck's back." but there are one or two little statements that I should like to take exception to. He submits that satisfactory proof can be given to "impartial and disinterested parties" as to the ability and general qualifications of the foundation members; I am glad to hear it, but why only to impartial and disinterested "parties"? The "president" then descends to comedy, belittling a string of *bona fide* titles, although he is encouraging the wearing of spurious adornments in others.

He concludes by quoting an article written by Dr. Frost, F.C.O., England, to the effect that every one who aspires to a knowledge of music should do so for its own sake, and not in order to pass examination; why certainly, no one with musical inclinations would be likely to do anything else! First study for music's sake and then prove the result of such study by examinations, if desirable. I think the "worthy "president," in his haste to rush into controversy, must have distorted the meaning which Dr. Frost wished to convey; the inconsistency of using this quotation can be seen, when Dr. Frost has pas-ed several examinations himself, and is used as an authority; and the so-called College of Organists, (Canada), is, I presume, projected for the express purpose of encouraging and holding examinations in music; if the "president" bases his argument on the solitary quotation in question, and holds to his reading of it, why have the College of Organists, Canada, at all?

In conclusion, with regard to the covert insinuations that have been made against me, I am quite prepared to stand by my own merits, and the opinions of those gentlemen who have conferred on me my several degrees.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR E FISHER,
Mus. Bac. Toronto.
Associate of College of Organists, England, and A. Mus. Trin. Coll., London, England.

January 14, 1890.

The whole question is this: Is it seemly that a few men should mutually agree to call each other Fellows of the College of Organists (Canada) and then leave others to secure such title by undergoing the ordeal of an examination, or by depending upon the friendship or good will of a majority of the original Fellows? If the examinations are not severe, they become farcical; if they are severe, they raise the suspicion that the Foundation Fellows, or some of them, might not be able to pass them, and therefore are wearing distinctions whose value has to be determined at the expense of outsiders, in fact, are adorning themselves with borrowed plumes, as well as with the millinery permitted under the by-laws of the College, *i.e.*, a hood and gown.

Another point that has hitherto been lost sight of is the fact that these gentlemen who are now F. C. O. (Canada) are merely Honorary Fellows, the degree of Fellowship being obtainable only by the process of examination according to by-law 4 of the institution. Would it not therefore be seemly for these gentlemen to style themselves Hon. F. C. O.? And would it not be more seemly for their diplomas to state the fact that they are only Honorary Fellows? To the proper distinctions would be observed, and no one could find fault with the arrangement, as both public and profession would soon learn to draw the line between complimentary and earned honors. The humorous side of the matter comes to view when sneers at the bearers of titles won by honest work and scholarship come from those who still sport complimentary initials and initials granted by an English society which will supply them to almost all applicants for a couple of guineas annually, which, in fact, floods the country with circulars canvassing for applications to this end. With the expression of a wish that future correspondents on this subject might be as concise as possible, I draw the attention of my readers to the following manly and moderate letter:

Sir,—On reading Mr. A. E. Fisher's letter in your issue of January 4, concerning the above College, while I am very loath to take part in a newspaper controversy, it seems to me that there are a few points that call imperatively for some comment, for Mr. Fisher has evidently let his indignation carry him away into using language which is unnecessarily severe, and in some instances distinctly incorrect. If Mr. Fisher had been at the initial meeting of the College, he would have learned that instead of "those members agreeing that it would be becoming to their dignity to see their names adorned with certain titles, (no matter whether those titles were worthless or not)," the general, if not unanimous, feeling was that it was somewhat farcical for a congregation of men to undertake to dub themselves F. C. O's. and A. C. O's., and then demand that others shall pass an examination before being entitled to similar dignities. I was myself one of those who was elected a Foundation Fellow, but have not the slightest intention of using the title until I have fairly earned it by examination, and I think the Foundation Fellows would be wise to do the same, for it is the only way to substantially meet Mr. Fisher's somewhat just accusations.

In another paragraph Mr. Fisher advocates making the examinations of the C. O. (Canada) equal to those of the C. O. (England). Now Mr. Fisher must surely know that in all other branches of education the examination tests are not so severe here as they are in the Old Country. It stands to reason that in a new country they cannot be so. It is far better to begin with a moderate standard, and the C. O. examinations will be sufficiently searching to prove that the successful candidates are pretty good musicians. Within my remembrance the examinations of all kinds in the University of Cambridge, England, Classical, Mathematical, Musical and others, have been very much increased in difficulty; and so they will in Canada by degrees. Take the Mus. Bac. examination of Trinity College, Toronto, is much easier than the Mus. Bac. examination of Cambridge, and yet Mr. Fisher raises a howl about the humbug of that degree, and was quite contented to sign himself only Mus. Bac., Toronto, until he had an "Associate of College of Organists (England)" to put there too.

All the members of the College will agree with Mr. Fisher that "in Canada we want local institutions as good and thorough as elsewhere," but we also recognise the fact that it would be puerile in the present state of musical progress in this country to set up old-world standards. They must come gradually here, as they did there—and come they will. The idea of electing Foundation Fellows is, of course, open to question, so that I will not debate. But it is uncalled for to throw discredit on the College because some of those who are its head hold. Mr. Fisher says "it looks all very well on paper, but I should like to ask what guarantee there is that the standard work is to be of sufficiently high standard." Wait and see, and if it isn't, then pitch in. I hope and believe that the feeling of the other members of the College is the same as my own, viz.: not to use the "F. C. O." as a means of self-glorification, but to endeavor to make the College, as a means of elevating the standard of the rising generation of Canadian organists. This will not be done best by putting them at a prohibitive examination, for an exam. such as Mr. Fisher proposes would be prohibitive at present in Canada. I know Mr. Fisher well enough to know that his objections are not the result of jealousy or party spite, but of anxiety to do the best for music in this count-, but I think he could have done more good by throwing his weight into the balance in the earlier stages of the College more energetically, instead of trying now to capsize a scheme which can scarcely be said to have fairly got under way. Thanking you, sir, for your valuable space,

I am, yours sincerely,
J. E. P. ALDOUS. B.A., Cambridge, Eng.

HAMILTON, Jan. 8, 1890.

Everybody has something to say about *la grippe*, and on Sunday last the choristers of the city bore their evidence to its ravages Nearly all the choirs were depleted in numbers, and on all sides we find talk about small choirs, and shrunken programmes. The societies, also, have suffered in the attendance of their members at rehearsals, and all such work will feel the influence of the epidemic to a certain extent. The principal singers of the city are under the weather, though no serious cases are reported. Fortunately no important concerts are immediately before us, so we may all have time to fit ourselves once more for the fray, a consummation devoutly to be hoped for.

The Choral Society will give its first concert this season, on Thursday evening, January 30, when Mr. Edward Fisher will conduct the performance of Mozart's First Mass in C, a work different in character from those heretofore rendered by the Society. Assiduous and careful practice has been bestowed upon this work, and also upon that forming the second part of the evening's programme, which will be the cantata composed by Signor D'Auria of Toronto, entitled The Sea King's Bride. It is undoubtedly the most ambitious work attempted in the domain of original composition by a resident Canadian musician. It is scored for solo voices, chorus and full orchestra, and will be produced under the personal direction of the composer.

The Vocal Society's concert took place on Thursday evening, too late for notice in this issue. METRONOME.

The Drama.

The story of little Lord Fauntleroy and his victory over his flinty-hearted old grandfather has, it may be said, become a household classic. The little lord's juvenile nobility and kindness of heart has not only conquered the Earl of Dorincourt, but the English-reading world as well. Mrs. Burnett's story has lent itself admirably to dramatization although it is not altogether free from evidences of adaptation. The dramatic version follows the plot of the story almost exactly and fully reproduces the spirit of sweetness that constitutes the essence of Frances Hodgson Burnett's popular little story. This play was presented at the Grand Opera House last week by a company of very competent artists. The part of the democratic young nobleman was shared by little Miss Ray Maskell and Master Tommy Russell. In the performance I witnessed the former took the part with an understanding of the requirements of the character and a spirit which were wonderful in one so young. All the purity, all the sweetness and all the unselfishness of the heroic little lord shone forth in her sweetly-pretty face and golden tresses and echoed in her sympathetic tones. The somewhat trying part of Cedric's disconsolate mother was very acceptably handled by Miss Helene Lowell. Miss Lowell looked the character to perfection and infused it with a refined spirituality which made it very attractive, though she was rather too reserved in emotional passages. The Earl of Dorincourt of Mr. Frank E. Aiken was well studied and carefully wrought out and was the strongest and most complete piece of work done by any member of the company.

*

Little Lord Fauntleroy was followed at the Grand by the bigger but none the less popular Lord Chumley. I was unable to detect any marked difference in Mr. Sothern's presentation of this character from last year. The leading features have not been changed in any way, and they certainly are not more carelessly treated than when Mr. Sothern first introduced his creation to Toronto. His Lordship is still the same curious combination of wisdom, honor and apparent folly. His nerves are still at high tension; his mustache still requires much attention; his woeful stare is as mirth-provoking as ever and his plaintive "Bai Jingow" has lost none of its magnetic power. Mr. Sothern has long since shown that he is not trading on the reputation of his illustrious father. On the contrary he has abundantly proven that as a delineator of eccentric character his father's mantle has fallen on a worthy son. In Lord Chumley Sothern is the whole. His over-flowing personality swamps everything else and yet no one wants to grumble. His company this season is scarcely up to the mark. Mr. Rowland Buckstone as Adam Butterworth took the part of the retired tradesman with a good deal of ability. Mr. Craven's Gasper Le Sage was clever. Miss Charlotte Tittell was pretty and graceful as Eleanor and acted her part with spirit.

*

Marie Hubert Frohman closes her three nights' engagement at the Grand this evening.

Miss Effie Ellsler appeared at the Academy of Music last week in The Governess. The Governess is a domestic drama of a somewhat conventional type and rather complicated in its action. The readiness with which the villain drops in when he is not wanted and the always-on-hand air with which the hero thwarts his purpose savors a little of the cheap melodramatic school of play writing. It is not without some interesting situations, however, but the current of the plot is so obstructed by side issues put in to fill up and explain the story that the play drags heavily in places. Miss Ellsler is rather a pleasant little woman to look at but she is not an overwhelming success as an emotional actress. She does not attune her voice to the sentiments she is uttering, but goes through everything, the extreme of joy and paroxysms of grief, with the same serene, inflexible, summer-day tones of voice. Miss Ellsler was supported by a very fair company. Mr. Frank Weston as Jarvis Coulter was especially good.

This week the patrons of the Academy of Music have enjoyed a treat. The play has been Mrs. Musgrove's sparkling comedy, Our Flat, played by a first-class company. The story of the play deals with the difficulties of a young married pair, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Sylvester, who by their marriage incurred parental displeasure and are trying as best they can to keep the kettle boiling until Mr. Sylvester sells some of the tragedies he has written. But tragedy is a drug in the market and butchers and bakers grow clamorous. The young couple have furnished their flat on the weekly payment plan, but the weekly payments are not forthcoming and the result is that the furniture is taken away. Mrs. Sylvester has written a comedy in the meantime which has been accepted, and she is expecting a call from the theater manager when her furniture is taken away. She goes heroically to work, however, to improvise furniture with barrels, boxes, baskets, a bath-tub and plenty of drapery and succeeds in keeping up a very creditable appearance. But this furniture will not bear sitting on and thereby becomes the source of a large fund of hilarity. The play is sold and paid for at last, the tradesmen are satisfied and the obdurate father, after his second daughter had eloped and seeing by the furniture the straits his daughter had been brought to, relented and gave them his blessing. There is little depth in the characterization of the play. The humor lies on the surface, is light and somewhat trivolous but eminently pleasing. When one sees the ingenious devices resorted to in order to evade the duns, one's tendency is to shout with laughter because the dark background of relentless poverty and lean-fingered hunger is not allowed to throw a shadow on the brightness of this picture of domestic felicity in a turmoil of petty troubles. The company is an excellent one throughout. Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault takes the part of Mrs. Sylvester with infinite grace, and by many delicate touches works it up into a charming composition. Mrs. Boucicault is a handsome woman, of the tall, willowy stamp of beauty, with a head and neck of classic mould. She fully understands the value of her personal appearance when picturesquely draped, and consequently her manner on the stage is somewhat Potteresque, so to speak. Mr. H. B. Conway as Reginald Sylvester and Mr. Morton Selton as Clarence Vane were both excellent. The rest of the company gave good support.

Go-Won-Go-Mohawk, the Indian actress, played this week at Jacobs and Sparrow's in the Indian Mail Carrier. The Indian Mail Carrier was described in this column last spring, when Miss Mohawk first appeared here. The introduction of a genuine Indian woman in a border drama, has much the effect of the tank in a play—it adds to its realism. Go-Won-Go-Mohawk can do more than lend her native character and appearance to the play, however, as she has a thorough mastery of the English tongue and can put a good deal of thrill into a melodramatic climax. She has a rather pleasing appearance on the stage and acts with a good deal of spirit. Her support is fairly good.

*

Mr. Edwin Arden and his company will play all next week with the usual matinees at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House. The play will be Barred Out. The Boston *Globe* says of their performance. Barred Out is a play that requires an actor of more than ordinary force in the principal part, and Mr. Arden fills that position with ease and naturalness. He throws that mental force into his acting which is so necessary to give polish and dignity to a successful characterization. The play at this writing needs no detailing. The plot is familiar, and although perhaps the play is a little too sensational it has elements which will win it new admirers every time it is presented here. Mr. Arden assumes two different characters. The company is a good one; on the whole it is stronger than that of last season.

Canada as a Literary Field.

There is in Canada a rich mine of pure ore awaiting the literary adventurer who will forsake the utilitarian atmosphere and huckstering of our cities and penetrate into the woods and mountains. There are scenes and characters in abundance which no pen has yet portrayed. All that is worth saying has not been said. There are materials in French Canada and the great North-West for generations of novelists. Parkman in his glowing pages has but broken ground. Adirondack Murray and Mr. C. H. Farnham have but whetted our appetites. The romantic past and the glorious future possibilities of Canada offer a virgin field for a thousand clever pens. The heroism of the early Jesuit missionaries; the trials and dangers of the trappers and pioneers who cleared the forests, hewing down the stupendous growths of centuries; the contentions of the two great races for supremacy; the courage and despair of the Indians as they retreated before the trend of civilization; the marvellous legends that cluster round the great Ottawa River; the poetry of the inland lakes; the divine, sombre grandeur of the Rockies—all these have only been hinted at in obscure newspapers and ecclesiastical documents. There is a plethora of the commonplace in English and American literature. The literary dram-drinkers eagerly consume platitudes and trivialities in the guise of analytical fiction, and yet no one has thought it worth while to turn aside from the beaten track. The English society three-volume novel has become an abomination and a weariness to the spirit; the New South is monotonous with its manufactured dialect; the London "shilling shocker" is nauseating; the so-called American school of realism, with its Edgar Saltus, Amelie Rives, Atherton and others of that ilk, who have only Zola's knowledge of depravity and none of his skill, is ridiculous; and the Pacific coast with its odd civilization of the gold fever days has been exhausted by Bret Harte. The great American novelist may after all come from the North. And why not? What better inspiration can be wished for than the mysticism of the illimitable pine woods, the roar of the rapids and the invigorating blast of a Canadian north wind?—*W. Blackburn Harte in the New England Magazine.*

Happiness is a perfume which one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

Then I Knew.

For Saturday Night.

I'd wondered oft what men could mean
To cry in bitt'rest pain—
"Since she is false, the world's untrue,
If she, the best, this thing can do,
I'll trust no one again."

And in my pride, I smiling said,
"Why, that is plainly shown—
True love twines flow'rs o'er brow and hair
That mortals have no right to wear—
Perfection's flowers—full blown."

The thing came home one day to me,
A pain-sting planted sure.
My cherished precepts all took flight,
I vowed that Truth wore garb of night
And nowhere would endure.

The girl I loved I proved untrue.
A word she dropped in fun
I caught, and adding now and then
A fact from speech, from glance or pen
A darkened fabric spun.

I taxed her with her wrong to me,
The truth I asked to know,
And then with eyes cast down in shame,
She faltered and the answer came
To "Were you true?" 'Twas "No."

The lips that I had thought were mine,
Just mine in love to know,
Were lent to others' fond caress,
Had given back the loving press
And I—I'd trusted so.

Then out I cried in heart-pain sharp,
"No woman e'er is true."
When quick came thoughts of flow'r-decked hair,
Fa'r flowers no mortals e'er should wear
And then—yes then I knew. ALLS.

La Grippe.

For Saturday Night.

Should you ask me why this sneezing,
Why this wheezing and this coughing,
With their pains and cramps and stiffness,
With their aches of all descriptions,
Trouble now so many people?
I should answer, I should tell you,
Tell you all in trembling accents
That La Grippe has struck the country,
Struck the city and its doctors,
Struck the towns, with all their parsons,
Struck the lightest, loftiest, greatest,
Struck the lowest, meanest, vilest,
Of the great Canadian people.
It respects not any person;
It cares not for wealth or fashion,
But is friendly unto all men.
And it grips you and it hugs you,
And it tightens and it binds you
Till you think your noses are broken,
Till you think your blood is frozen,
And the world seems dark and dreary,
And all hope has left your bosom,
And you meditate and wonder,
Still you think and ponder deeply,
Will it grip and hug forever?
And I answer and I tell you,
It is but a nine days' wonder,
It is but a passing visit
That it's paying to our country
That we may not feel offended,
That we may not here feel s ighted.
So I tell you and advise you,
Treat it kindly, treat it wisely,
With a little pill of quinine,
And a little mustard plaster,
And twill say good-bye forever,
Take a long and tearful farewell,
And you'll then be glad you had it,
So to sympathize with others,
So to tell them how it took you,
You'll exaggerate the symptoms,
You'll elaborate your feelings,
You will chuckle that it left you.

FLORA MACDONALD.

The Belle of the Season.

For Saturday Night.

Heartless maiden, veil the splendor
Of those eyes that shine so tender
With a cruel jest behind them;
Mercy—let sweet mercy blind them
To the pain of him who gazes,
In their deep and dangerous mazes,
Passionate, but cannot bind them.

Smiles—coy smiles for those who win them,
But deceit lies deep within them;
Wit and wisdom, rare and clever,
Mocking at our best endeavor—
Pouting lips—who could resist them?
But, alas! whoever kissed them,
Knew his peace had gone forever.

Spurned alike, the base and holy,
Playthings both the proud and lowly,
Ready with bewitching prattle,
Proud when thou hast won the battle—
How thou drivest all before thee,
Willing slaves who still adore thee,
Like a herdsman with his cattle!

What to thee is any sorrow
If thine eyes can only borrow
From another heart the pleasure
That thou countest for such treasure?
Dead to all, thy soul is stifling:
Maiden, ask for pill of quinine—
Love! thou knowest not its measure.

Queen of Hearts! thou art tyrannic
With thy subjects in a panic;
Long enough thy reign has lasted,
Fed with love thou hast not fasted—
When, O Queen, thy fate shall find thee,
Pray thy follies still may blind thee
To the lives thy skill has blasted.

Some dark day will end the chapter,
When thy lord shall be the captor;
Then, perchance, thou'll know the sadness
Of a love whose hope is madness—
Laurels—ah! When thou hast lost them,
Think, proud girl, what it has cost them
Who have loved and found no gladness.

SAM GREENWOOD.

Wanted to Make the Old Man Happy.

Mother—Tommy, I hear you got a thrashing in school to-day.

Tommy—Yes, ma, the teacher whipped me, but he is getting so old and weak that it didn't hurt me much.

"Did you cry?"

"Oh, yes, I bawled so you could have heard it in the next street."

"Why did you do that?"

"I wanted to make the old man feel happy once more."

Noted People.

Madame Mutsu, wife of the Japanese minister at Washington, is said to be translating a Japanese novel into English.

The Empress of Japan and her suite, after having made a trial of Parisian gowns, have returned to their own beautiful and healthful costumes.

Mrs. Ella Haggard, mother of the author of She, died recently, at the advanced age of seventy. She is described as a gentle and well-educated woman, who had strong literary tastes, and wrote poetry.

Robert Browning once spoke into a phonograph for Colonel Gouraud of London. It is a consolation and a pleasure to know that science is able to hold and reproduce for future generations the exact voice and words of the late eminent poet.

Miss May Morris, daughter of William Morris the poet and socialist, possesses a great talent for embroidery and designing. She is turning it to account by starting a regular business, where she receives orders for work and gives steady employment to a number of women.

The pseudonym of Ik Marvel originated in a printer's error. The signature of J. K. Marvel was appended to an article. The New York compositor, however, misread the matter, and printed "Ik Marvel," which seemed to the author an improvement; so "Ik" he allowed it to stand thenceforward throughout his correspondence and at the front of his earlier books.

When the public learned that Messrs. Nicolay and Hay were to get $50,000 from the *Century Magazine* for their biography of Lincoln everybody thought it was a princely remuneration; but now the authors assert that when the expense of collecting material is deducted their share of the sum mentioned amounts to $1.50 a day each for the time spent upon the work, which looks as if literature were still a pretty poor crutch. However, they might with advantage to their pockets and fame, have made it shorter!

John Gardiner, the ex-Inspector of the Royal Household Police at the Lambeth Library, speaks in a new way of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. He says that a more kindly or affable pair it would be difficult to find; and that they are much beloved by all their servants. He says the duke is generous, and that the duchess is a great favorite with all her household, gracious and kind. This is certainly news, but the duke and duchess have not been favorites with the press, so if it be true, it is only just that they should be credited with all the graces which are so abundantly attributed to the rest of the Royal Family.

A gentleman who recently returned from Europe says that James Gordon Bennett's hair is now gray, and that he is one of the most distinguished looking men in Paris. He still retains an erect and elegant figure, and, as many of the wild and agitating practices which caused him to be referred to as the "young man" so constantly in this country have been abandoned, he has a position of unusual prominence socially. In fact, he is usually regarded as the most prominent American in Europe. Bennett is turning his attention to yachting again, and some results of importance to the world of sport are expected.

The *Literary World* sees little reason for the hypothesis that Mrs. Burnett borrowed her Little Lord Fauntleroy from Mrs. A. T. Winthrop's Wilfred. It points out that the earl in the latter book is quite unlike the stern grandparent of the former, and Wilfred himself is not a dear, natural boy like little Cedric, but a story-book child, with deep violet eyes and the voice of an angel, and intimations of early death about him. But at the same time, may we not ask, could not Mrs. Burnett have obtained her idea from Mrs. Winthrop's book (published five years before her own) and improved upon it? A statement from her would set the whole matter at rest.

Says the *Jury:* One of the most interesting articles recently published on Walt Whitman appeared in Sunday's *Democrat and Chronicle.* It was from the pen of Mr. George Newell Lovejoy, and besides giving the good old gray poet's estimate of his own work and philosophy, also reproduced his opinion of English and American poets. "I think Tennyson the greatest living poet," he is reported as saying, "although I feel a deep pride in the work of Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow and Emerson." What strikes us as a little singular, however, is that Mr. Whitman had not a word of commendation for Browning, who, like himself, was one of the most severely criticized and ridiculed poets of his day. Even the most intelligent persons admit that Browning hid his nuggets of gold in the hardest kind of quartz; to the common run of readers most of his writings are obscure and meaningless. So with Walt Whitman—it is not many years since the newspapers have become more respectful and ceased publishing grandiloquent masses of verbiage in imitation of him. Under the circumstances, what more natural than that a fellow-feeling should have drawn him to Browning as his ideal poet? But no, the most misunderstood poet of America does not even allude to the least understood poet of England.

Hands Across the Street.

It was very amusing, this little hand pantomime. It might fairly be called a three scene wordless drama in poetry and—prose. First there were two hands—rather brown ones. They were holding a newspaper towards the window, to catch all the light that could struggle into the room of that house on Jarvis street. The hands belonged to a man—a young man with a dark mustache and banged hair. Presently a young girl stood opposite the first comer. A pair of white hands became much entangled with brown fingers. This was the entry. It continued for some time.

Suddenly there was a start, a pull, and a sudden drop. The flash of a crimson gown died away in the darkness beyond, and the brown hands caught up the newspaper.

A moment later a gray haired woman occupied the young man's seat. Her delicate hands held a white shawl about her frail shoulders. He stood in the girl's place now. Mother was entertaining him and this was the—prose.

A Trip to the Tropics.

So Don has gone to the West Indies. And he has taken Messrs. Sciatica and Rheumatism with him. Well, it is a good place to take them, and I hope, with his scores of friends in Toronto, that he will leave them there and that nobody else will find them. Nassau, the capital of the West Indies, is a charming place and became famous in the days when the civil war was raging in the United States, as the place at which steamers coaled up and got ready to run the blockade. But before you get to Nassau there is a sea voyage which makes all other sea voyages positive luxuries by comparison, however rough they may be. The choppy seas crossing from Dover to Calais are bad enough, as all who have been subjected to their turbulence will admit, but they are as the gentle rocking of an infant's cradle as compared to the tossing to which the steamer is usually subjected on going around Cape Hatteras. The Gulf Stream gets mixed up with the Atlantic current in the neighborhood of Cape Hatteras and trouble ensues. A prolific writer on the American press, whose name was William Drysdale, wrote many interesting letters from Sunny Lands some few years ago, and among other things described the voyage from New York to Nassau. The description was so alluring that people in good health read it with a joyous feeling and longed for the pleasures which he depicted as being inseparable from the trip, while people who were not in good health were persuaded into believing that the one thing needful was this very ocean voyage.

It was pictured as a summer day dream, and the weather was described as being so mild, even in February or March, that the passengers always indulged in dancing on the deck of the steamer. Whatever dancing on deck they did, it may be said right here, was dancing from one side to the other to keep from being blown off the ship, or skipping frantically from the state room to the dining-room and back again with as little delay as was consistent with the surroundings. Cape Hatteras is not to be fooled with, and when the wind blows there it does not blow in a languid, indifferent fashion, but blows as if blowing were its whole purpose in life. Whatever became of Drysdale I do not know. But this I know, that a party of New York business and commercial men, who were induced by his glowing pictures of mellow moorings and dancing on deck, to make the trip, formed themselves into a band of desperate men with the title of The Drysdale Exterminators, whose openly avowed object was to destroy Drysdale. I read their manifesto and can testify that it breathed blood in every line. They were bound to have revenge on the man who had led them into undergoing the tortures of rounding Cape Hatteras under the pretence that they could bask in the sunshine on the placid sea and indulge in dancing on deck.

Another thing that Don will see before he lands at Nassau, which he will have to do by being taken off, bag and baggage, some miles out, and conveyed into the harbor in a tug, will be a swarm of black boys swimming about in the waters of the Atlantic, which looks clear and blue, with the white coral bottom visible for many feet below. These boys are active as pies or silver bits thrown to them, which circle about between the surface and the white coral depths; and when they get the coin they pop up to the surface, holding it triumphantly between thumb and forefinger, and then deposit it in their mouth for safe keeping.

Don will have lots to write about when he reaches Nassau. He will no doubt tell the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT about the petrified ship with the barrels of lime turned into stone in the sea; about the sea gardens, where all sorts of plants grow under the water, and where beautiful fish, one pure white, the other black and a third part gold, are seen swimming about among the coral and the sponges growing under the water. And the black boys will dive out of the yacht with a hatchet in their hands and chop off a bit of coral, while the pleasure seekers watch them through the glass bottom of the boat. Then, if he has luck, he may see a shark or two, and he will be sure to go to the phosphorescent lake. This is a beautiful sight. After dark before the moon rises, you go out in a row boat on a small lake, and as the ubiquitous small boy swims about, every movement of his limbs is as distinct as if it were outlined in gold on black velvet, where the oars touch the water they leave a flash of fire-light, and if you let your hand hang over the side of the boat in the water a flame like streak follows you along.

Don will tell us about the Queen's staircase, built nobody knows when and nobody knows for what, but hewed out in the stone with towering rocks on each side. He will go up to the fort and watch the steamers miles away, while the black signalman arranges the signal flags which tell what the vessels are and which way they are going. He will inhale the warm breath of the tropics, scent the odor of orange blossoms in the air, see the cocoanuts growing on the trees, the bananas, the limes, the lemons, and the fruits and flowers, the palms and the roses. He will surrender himself to the languor of the climate, as everybody does, will laugh at the black and bare-footed little imps that run about on all hands, will go yachting with old Samson, will visit the Shouters' church, where the colored folks walk around the room shouting their songs and dropping in the collection plate the silver pieces which the visitors bestow upon them; he will be solicited to buy tortoise shells as big as a tub, and he will laugh at the pickaninnies when they dance their "conk" dance and turn up the whites of their eyes and show their pearly teeth.

And perhaps Don will tell us the story of the capture of New Providence Island, as the island of which Nassau is the capital is called, by a Scotch explorer when it belonged to the Spanish. He had only about a score of men, but he made the most of them. First he landed them at one point, then made them lie down in the bottom of the boat and be conveyed back to the ship; then he landed them at another point, making a great display in doing so, and so on until he had landed the same squad at half-a-dozen different places. The Spaniards were so impressed by the demonstration of numbers that they surrendered the island without firing a gun, imagining it to be swarming with British troops. They will show him the cave and he will see the Jamaica soldiers, as black as the ace of spades, with gaudy uniforms of yellow, red and white, with white officers to command them; and he will see the statue of Christopher Columbus on the hill in front of Government House, for it was one of the Bahama Islands, of which there is a large group, that the respected Christopher ran into when he discovered America. He set out to find a back door to India and bumped up against the front door of America. Hence came the name of West Indies.

There are so many things that Don, with his quick powers of observation and his facile pen, will have to tell the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT that I am quite impatient to see his productions. Does he contemplate extending his trip to Cuba? If he does he will have plenty to write about, for Havana is a wonderful city, and Cienfuegos, the city of a hundred fires, Matanzas and Santiago in Cuba are as old-fashioned as anything to be seen on this side of the Atlantic, not excepting the quaint old places in Quebec. The oddest thing that came under my observation was the way in which the milk was delivered in Cuba. Instead of taking it around in cans, as is done in civilized countries, they drive the cow from door to door and proceed to extract the required quantity on the spot. By this means every customer is certain of securing pure milk, although it must be admitted that the process is somewhat trying to the cow. He who goes to the West Indies or Cuba finds plenty to interest him and plenty to describe. Each day brings a succession of revelations, and as they say in Italy "every man sees a different sun," even if he should have for his traveling companions, as in Don's case, that disagreeable pair of twins, sciatica and rheumatism.

ALEX. F. PIRIE.

God Knows.

For Saturday Night.

Why is the world so great and fair,
And yet so stain d with sin?
Why is God's own great masterpiece
So dark and marred within?
Who knows?

Why is the world so full of joy,
And still so thrilled with woe?
Why suffer mortals agony,
And know not why 'tis so?
One knows.

Why are the good taken from the earth,
Who is at we know to spare?
Why do the useless weeds untouched—
The wheat fail mid the tare?
He knows.

Why do the upright suffer loss,
The guilty live and thrive?
Why do the perjured suffer nought,
Who 'gainst the pure contrive?
God knows.

He knows. Ah! blessed thought!
Why question of His ways,
Who sways the mystery of things,
And guides His loved ones right?

OAKLANDS. A. A. MACDONALD.

Trinity Talk.

Though lectures began on Monday last, the residence has still a few vacant rooms. No doubt that most fashionable of complaints, *la grippe*, will be the excuse offered by the late arrivals, who have been unfortunate or fortunate enough to contract the disease near the end of the vacation.

•

Rev. Prof. Boys spent the vacation at Hamilton, where he was the guest of His Lordship the Bishop of Niagara.

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The public lectures, which for the past few years have been delivered in the Convocation Hall of Trinity College, during the Lent term are to be continued. The first of the series will be delivered on Saturday, January 25, when the Rev. Canon DuMoulin will lecture on Preaching, the following week Rev. Prof. Clark's subject will be William the Silent, the two last lectures are to be delivered by Prof. Cappon of Queen's University, and Prof. Reynar of Victoria, the latter lecturing on February 15, his subject being The Conflict between the Old and the New.

•

The January number of the Trinity University *Review* will appear to-day. This issue will equal in interest that of last month, articles having been contributed by Mrs. Molson Sprague, Mr. R. J. Mackenzie, and these together with the usual University news, editorials on the current events of the day and an unusually interesting medical department complete the paper.

•

Rev. Professor Clark has undertaken the editorship of the *Canadian Churchman*—the new issue of the *Dominion Churchman*—and though the change has taken place quite recently a vast difference may be seen in this paper. The printing is good, and for the editorials, etc., it is only necessary to say they are Professor Clark's, whose different articles are so eagerly looked for in the several reviews and weeklies to which he is a contributor.

•

Rev. Provost Body and Mrs. Body returned from Lakewood, N. J., on Tuesday last, where they have been spending the Christmas vacation.

•

The first meeting of the Literary Institute for Lent term took place last evening, Mr. Hibbard, B. A., occupying the chair. The attendance was only fair, the programme not being particularly attractive. The debate, That trial by jury should be abolished, is decidedly hackneyed, and I suppose the only excuse which can be offered for its appearance on the programme is the amount of criticism caused by the late Cronin trial. Mr. Lewis was the essayist for the evening, Mr. French the reader.

•

During the three weeks of vacation a great change has taken place in the western wing. The walls of a new story have been added and already an imposing structure has arisen, which, when completed will, as a residence for the students, be hard to surpass in the comforts and convenience which have been found necessary for the men and which are so sadly lacking in the old building.

•

Rev. Prof. Jones has been confined to the house for some days, the influenza being once more to blame. I am glad, however, to hear he is rapidly getting well and will soon be able to resume his duties at college.

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During the vacation the Rev. Prof. Clark addressed several meetings in the towns of Western Ontario, on behalf of Trinity, and also delivered his charming lecture on Kingsley's Water Babies, which most Torontonians have been fortunate enough to hear.

CÆCUS.

Right in Her Teeth.

Mr. Duleta (during the horse trade)—She'll never see forty ag'in, Sam.
Miss Frippets—You mis-erable loafer!—*Puck.*

'Varsity Chat.

In response to an invitation from Cornell University Prof. Ashley delivered a lecture there this week. The zeal for knowledge displayed by these American colleges is entirely commendable.

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The date for the Conversazione has been fixed for February 14. Sub-committees are now busily engaged in their respective duties working toward the grand consummation.

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Among other organizations the Glee Club is hard at work in preparation. Mr. Secretary Donald reminds members that they are expected to exert themselves. Mr. Schuch gives a few tea-prize lessons in vocal culture (we must be cultured) in order to make attendance a certainty. By reason of a roll-call wisely instituted, sharp shirkers will find themselves in the lurch on the great occasion.

•

The Political Science Club has opened up again at the old stand. On Wednesday afternoon an interesting discussion took place on the following subject: The Surplus Value theory of the origin and increase of capital promulgated by Karl Marx is well founded and should ultimately be recognized as the basis of the distribution of wealth among producers. The doctrine was supported by Messrs. G. A. Wilson and John McEvoy, and opposed by Messrs. A. H. Sinclair and J. B. Peat.

•

On Wednesday morning at Y. M. C. A. hall the Philosophical Society of '91 delivered itself. Mr. Graham read a paper on Attention, the discussion on which was led by Mr. H. M. Ferguson.

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I thought every conceivable society had been formed long ago, but the range of my imagination is too limited. The Oriental Club is the latest candidate for consideration. The first meeting was held on Tuesday evening in Knox, when Prof. McCurdy and Mr. John L. Scully, '90, were the essayists. Both dealt with the subject: Semitic words in the English language and their history.

•

The mock parliament at the Literary Society has apparently come to stay, at least, for a while. Mr. Burgess has been elected to lead the Opposition, and no doubt with his distinguished colleagues, whoever they may be, will make things lively for the Government. It is to be hoped the new procedure will increase the society's usefulness. This is the real object. The society this year has been up to its own standard perhaps; at any rate it is not worth while quarrelling about that point. But that standard is far too low as all admit. I think a little despotism in the chair is the remedy required; or is the mediocrity quite hopeless? If the powers that be would only be so very, very good as to allow us to discuss political questions of real living interest, I don't believe the heavens would fall or the country become a prey to anarchists or the government appropriation be cut off. There is not the slightest fear but that summer and winter, seed time and harvest would travel by the footlights in the usual order. Some day when dreams come true everything will be lovely.

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I take pleasure in announcing that next Monday afternoon at four o'clock Prof. Alexander will give his promised address on Browning, at the Modern Language Club. This rare opportunity will doubtless be taken advantage of by many.

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The class of '90 will hold a private reunion next Saturday evening, probably the last before the final break-up in June. Local talent will provide a programme of music, etc. The real pleasure of the gathering will be in conversation.

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To say not a word about the distinguished visitor the *grippe* would be decidedly discourteous and sadly mar a picture of the real state of affairs up here. As far as I have learned Mr. Fairclough is the only member of the nobility afflicted; among the common people the monster numbers its victims by the score.

NEMO.

Brilliant Chauncey.

It is not perhaps a secret that our Chauncey is, like Mrs. Gilpin, of a frugal mind, and is thrifty with his stories and jokes. After the press has once got hold of his good things he never uses them again, at least in that particular community; but no man can have a whole set of brand new brilliants every day of his life, and a little discretion and a good memory will make one's store go a long way without being guilty of repetitions to the same audience.

But the discretion of even Chauncey is at fault at times, and the other night he suffered because of it. The daughter of a certain famous American who has hitherto made his home in the West has been visiting in New York, and was one of the guests at a dinner of very distinguished men and women last week. She is a woman accustomed to the intellectual best of the men who go in to dinner with her, and on this occasion she regarded with some surprise the efforts of the man who had taken her in to dinner to amuse her. He looked like a person of ability, but she gradually gained the impression that he was laboring under the delusion she was a wild Westerner who was many years behind the times and had not heard any modern jests. When this idea became firmly rooted in her mind she was at no further pains to conceal her indifference to his efforts, and at last in despair her dinner companion remarked: "Miss ——, we don't seem to get on. What is the matter? I wish you would tell me frankly." "I will," she said, laughing a little. "I am cross because you have been telling me Chauncey Depew's old stories all the evening. I don't know him myself, but I've heard all his stories over and over again, and I don't think I can stand any more of them again." Her companion paused a moment, then shook all over with amusement and delight, and said: "Miss ——, your frankness is simply enchanting, and I'll confess in my turn. I thought you were a very young girl, and from so far away in the West that you were not likely to have heard these stories, so I was using old stock on you, but I see my error, and now I will tell you some stories of Chauncey Depew's that I am sure you've not heard."

From that moment the Western girl declares that such a stream of brilliant talk, anecdote, and witticism poured forth that she never noticed what she was eating, and was desperately grieved when the hostess gave the signal to rise and she was separated from her clever companion. Going home in a cab, she said to her father: "Do you know the name of the man who took me in to dinner? I didn't catch it, but I found him perfectly charming." "My dear girl," said her father, "you don't deserve your privileges. Of course you found him charming. That was Chauncey Depew!"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be afraid of his early condition.

The Philosophy of It.

Miss Bleeker—You English have some absurd customs. Now there's no justice, and no sense—no rhyme, and no reason—in primogeniture.
Lord Bondhunter—Oh, I don't know, now. It's just like this, you see, "First come, first served."—*Life.*

A LIFE SENTENCE

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGH'S RESERVED.

CHAPTER XX.

"My dear Hubert," said Mrs. Vane, "if you cannot see what is the matter with Enid, you must be blind indeed!"

"Why should I see what is the matter with her more than anybody else?" said Hubert, who was moving restlessly from place to place, now halting before the window of his sister's sitting-room, now plucking a leaf from one of the flowering plants in a gilded *etagere*, now teasing the white cockatoo in its fine cage or stirring up the spaniel with the tip of his boot, all the teasing was good-naturedly done, and provoked no rancor in the mind of bird or beast; but it showed an unwonted excitement of feeling on his part, and was observed by his sister with a slightly ironical smile.

"If you will sit still for a little while, I will tell you perhaps," she said; "but, so long as you stray round the room in that aimless manner, I shall keep my communications to myself."

"I beg you pardon; I did not know that I was disturbing you. Well," said Hubert, seating himself resolutely in a chair near her own and devoting his attention apparently to the dissection of a spray of scented geranium-leaf, "tell me what is the matter, and I will listen discreetly. I am really concerned about Enid; she is neither well nor happy."

"Did she tell you so?"

"It is easy to be seen that she is not well," said Hubert, a very slight smile curving his lips under the heavy dark mustache as he looked down at the leaf which he was twisting in his hand; "and I think her unhappiness is quite as obvious. What is it, Flossy? You ought to know. You are the girl's chaperon, adviser, friend, or whatever you like to call it; you stand in the place—"

He stopped abruptly. He forgot sometimes that ghastly story of his sister's earlier life; sometimes it came back to him with hideous distinctness. At that moment he did not like to say to Flossy, "You stand in her mother's place." And yet it was the truth. Had it been for Enid's good or harm, he suddenly wondered, that Florence had become the general's wife?

"I understand what you mean," said Flossy, quite serently, though there was a very painable look in her velvety-brown eyes. "I assure you that I should be very glad to make more of a friend of Enid if she would allow me; but she does not like me."

"Instinct!" thought Hubert involuntarily, but he did not say it aloud. With the extraordinary quickness however which Florence occasionally showed, she divined the purport of his reflection almost at once.

"You think, no doubt, that it is natural," she said; "but I do not agree with you. Enid has no great penetration; she has never been able to read my character—which, after all, is not so bad as you imagine."

"I do not imagine anything about it; I do not think it bad," Hubert interposed rather hurriedly. "You have changed very much. But have we not agreed to let old histories alone?"

"I did not intend to revive them. I meant only to assure you that Enid has met with the tenderest care and guidance from me—as far, at least, as I: lay in my power to give it to her, and whenever she would accept it."

"You make two very important reservations."

"I know I do, but I cannot help it. I was never devotedly fond of children, and I was once Enid's governess. I do not think that she ever forgets that fact."

"Well, come to the point," said Hubert, ra'her impatiently. "What is the matter with her now?"

Florence laughed softly, and eyed him over her fan. She always used a fan, even in the depth of winter—and indeed her boudoir was so luxuriously warm and fragrant that it did not there seem out of place. She was wearing a loose teagown of peacock blue plush over a satin petticoat of the palest rose-color, a darling combination which she had managed to harmonize extremely well—and the fan which she now held to her mouth was of pale rose-colored feathers. As Hubert looked at her and waited for his answer, he was struck by two things—first by the choiceness and beauty of her surroundings, and secondly by the fatigued expression of her eyes, which were set in hollows of purple shadows and almost veiled by lids which had the faintest reddened tint which comes of wakefulness at night.

"I shall next ask what is the matter with you," he said. "You really do not look well, Florence!"

"Do I not? She laid down her fan, took up a hand-glass set in silver from a table at her side, and studied her face in the mirror for a few seconds with some intentness. "You are right," she said, when she put it down; "I am growing hatefully old and hatefully pale and ugly. What can one do? Would a winter in the south give me back my good looks, do you think? Perhaps I had better consult a doctor when I go up to town. I am not so old yet that I need lose all my 'beauty,' as people used to call it, am I?"

"Why do you care so much?" Hubert asked. He fancied that there was something deeper in her anxiety than the mere vanity of a pretty woman whose youth was fast fleeting away.

"Why does every woman care? For my husband's sake, of course," she answered, with a slight laugh, but a look of carelessness and pain in her haggard eyes. "If I leave off looking pretty and bright, how am I to know that he will care for me any longer! And, if not—"

"If not! You are a mystery to me, Florence; you never professed before to trouble yourself about your husband's love."

"If I am a mystery, you are a perfect baby, my dear boy—I might almost say a perfect fool—in some respects. If he ceases to love me, he—don't you know that he may still leave me penniless? I had no settlements."

Her voice sank almost to a whisper as she said the words.

"Is that it?" said Hubert coldly. "I did not give you credit for so much worldly wisdom, Flossy. If that is your fear, I can at least, I wonder that you do not pay a little more attention to the general's wishes sometimes. I have seen you treat him with very little consideration."

"He is so wearisome! One cannot always be on one's good behavior," Flossy murmured; "and, as long as one looks nice and gives him a word or two now and then, just to keep him in good humor—"

"So long, you think, he will be kind to you! Florence, you do not understand the general's really noble nature. He is incapable of unkindness to any living creature; he takes pleasure of it to you, whom he loves so dearly. Do try to appreciate him a little more! He is devoted to you, both as his wife and as the mother of his child." He could not tell why she turned her head aside with a sharp gesture of annoyance.

"The child—always the child!" she exclaimed. "I wish I had never had a child at all!"

"We are straying from the point," said her brother coldly; "and we can do no good by discussing your relations with your husband. I want to know—you say you can tell me—why Enid looks so ill."

Flossy took up her fan and began to examine the tips of the feathers.

"There is only one reason," she said slowly, "why a girl ever looks like that. Only one thing turns a girl of seventeen into a drooping, die-away, lackadaisical creature, such as Enid is just now."

"Speak kindly of her, at any rate," said Hubert. "She is a woman like yourself, and there is only one interpretation to be put upon your words.

"Naturally. You, as a novelist, dramatist, and poet, must know it well enough," said his sister, with a shrug. "Well, remember that you have insisted on my telling you. Enid is in love. That is all. Nothing to make such a fuss about it, is it?"

Hubert was silent for a minute or two. His brow was contracted, as if with vexation or deep thought. He said abruptly:

"I suppose it's that good looking parson in the village. There's no other man whom she seems to know so well. I cannot say that you have taken very great care of her, Florence."

"Are you really blind, or are you pretending?" said Mrs. Vane, looking at him with an in curiosity. "You are quite wise and a fool as you make yourself out to be, are you? My dear Hubert, are you not aware that you are a singularly handsome and attractive man and that you have laid siege to the poor child's heart ever since your first arrival here last autumn?"

Hubert started from his seat as if he had been stung.

"Impossible!" he cried.

"You are all impossible. She has seen few men in her short life—she has been very carefully guarded, in spite of your sneer at my want of caution—and the admiration of a man like yourself were quite new to her. What could you expect?"

"Attentions!" groaned Hubert. "I neverpaid her any attentions, save as a cousin and a friend."

"Exactly; but she did not understand."

There was a short silence. He stood with his arm on the mantelpiece, looking through the window at the snow-covered landscape outside. His face had turned pale, and his lips were firmly set. Presently he said, in a low tone—

"You must be mistaken. Surely she can never have let you know what her feelings are on such a point? I am sure that she does not confide in you. How can you know?"

"There are other ways of reading a girl's heart as well as a man's coarse way of having everything in black and white," said Flossy composedly. "I am sure of it. She is in love with you, and that is why she looks so ill."

"It must not be! You must let her know—gently, but decidedly—that I am not the man for her—that there is an unsurmountable barrier between us."

"What is it? Are you married already?"

"Florence"—there was a sound of anguish in his voice—how could I marry a girl whose father hanged—"

"Hush, hush! For mercy's sake, be quiet! You should never say such things—never think such things even. Walls have ears sometimes, and spoken words cannot be recalled. Never say that, even to me. At the same time, I do not see the obstacle."

"Florence! Well, I might expect it from you. You have married Sydney Vane's brother!"

She did not wince. She sat steadily regarding him over the tips of her rose colored feather fan.

"And you," she said, "will marry Sydney Vane's daughter."

"God keep me from committing such a sin!"

"Hubert, this is more sentimental folly!" said his sister, with some earnestness.

"We have both made up our minds that the past is dead—why do you at every moment rake up its ashes?

"It is in some ways unfortunate that Enid should have chosen to love you; but, as the matter stands, I cannot see that you have any other choice than to marry her."

"What on earth makes you say so?"

"I thought that you must have guessed the real or unpleasantness for the sake of saving her from trouble. You have said as much."

"I have no right to save her from anything. She must forgive me."

"That is sheer nonsense—cowardly nonsense too!" said Mrs. Vane. "If Enid were on the brink of a precipice, would you hesitate to draw her back? I tell you that she is breaking her heart for you, and that, if you are free to marry and not incredibly selfish, your only way out of the difficulty is to marry her."

"She would get over it."

"No; she would die as her mother died—of a broken heart."

"You can speak so calmly, remembering who killed her mother—for what you and I are responsible!"

"Look, Hubert—if you cannot speak calmly yourself, you had better not speak at all. You seem to think that I am cold and callous, I suppose I am; and yet I am more anxious in this matter to keep Enid from grief and pain than you seem to be. I do not like to see her looking pale and sad. I would do anything within my power to help her, and I thought—I thought that you would do the same. It seems that you have no such wish."

"It is so horrible—so unnatural! How can I ask her to be mine—I, with my hands stained—"

"Hush! I will not have you say those words! We both know—if we are to speak of the past—that it was an honorable contest enough—a fair fight—a meeting such as no man of honor could refuse. You would have fallen if he had not. It is purely morbid, this brooding over the consequences of your actions. Everybody who knew the circumstances would have said that you were in the right. I say it myself, although at my own cost. I love Enid more, because she loves you will be the only way you can take to repair the harm that was done in the past and to shield her for the future."

It was not often that Florence spoke so long or so energetically; and Hubert, in spite of his revolt of feeling at the prospect held out to him, was impressed by her words. After a few moments' silence, he sat down again and began to argue the matter with her from every possible point of view. He told her it was probable that Enid did not know her own mind; that she would be miserable if she married a man who could not love her; that the whole world would cry shame on him if it ever learned the circumstances of her father's death; that Enid herself would be the first to reproach him, and would indeed bitterly hate him if she ever knew.

"If she ever knew—if the world ever knew!" said Florence scornfully. Hitherto she had been very quiet and her brother gave her say. "As if she or the world were ever going to know! There is no way in which the truth can be known unless one of us tells it; and I ask you, is that a thing that either of us is very likely to do? It would mean social ruin for us—utter and irretrievable ruin! If we only hold our tongues, Enid and the world will never know."

"That is true," he answered moodily; and then he sat so long in one position, with his arms crossed on his breast and his eyes fixed on vacancy, that Florence asked him with some curiosity of what he was thinking.

"I was wondering," he said, whether that poor wretch Westwood found his undeserved punishment more galling than I sometimes find the bond of secrecy between us—false and dishonor that bind me now. He at any rate has gained his freedom; but I am in bondage still. I have my sentence—a life sentence—to work out."

"He is free now, certainly," Florence answered, with an odd intonation of her voice; "so I do not think that you need trouble yourself about him. Think of Enid rather, and of her needs."

"Poor Enid! Yes—he is dead," said Hubert quickly, replying to something in her tone rather than to her words. "He died as I told you—some time ago."

"You read it in the newspaper?"—"Yes."

"And you never saw that next day the report of his death was contradicted?"

"Florence, what do you mean?"

"You went away from England just then with a mind at ease, did you not? But I was here, with nothing to do but think and brood and read; and I read more than that. There were two men named Westwood at Portland, and the one who died—as was stated in next day's paper—was not the one we knew."

"And he is in prison all this time! Don't you see that makes my guilt the worse—brings back all the intolerable burden, renders it simply impossible that I should ever make an honest girl happy? His voice was hoarse, and the veins upon his forehead stood out like knotted cords.

"Sit down," said Flossy calmly, "and listen to me. I have an odd story to tell you. The man of whom we speak managed to do what scarcely another convict has done—escape twice—he escaped. He nearly killed the warder in his flight, but not quite—so that counts for nothing. It is rumored that he reached America, where he is living contentedly in the backwoods. I can show you the newspaper account of his escape." I thought, she added a little cruelly, "that it might relieve your mind to hear of it; but it does not seem to do so. I fancied that you would be glad. Would you rather that he were dead?"

"No, no; Heaven knows that I rejoice in his escape!" cried her brother, sitting down again with his forehead leaned upon his clasped hands and his elbows on his knees. "I have blood-guiltiness enough already upon my soul. I didn't kill a man. Florence, that is almost dare to thank God that Westwood is alive and has escaped. I—I shall never escape!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Enid had the look of a veritable snow-queen, thought Hubert, as he came upon her a day or two later in a little secluded opening out of the drawing-room, and found her gazing out upon a land-scape of which all the lines were blurred in falling snow. She was dressed in a white woolen gown, which was confined at her waist by a simple white ribbon and had white fur at the throat and wrists. The dead-white suited her delicate complexion and golden hair; she had the soft and stainless look of a newly-fallen snowflake, which to touch were to destroy. Hubert almost felt as if he ought not to speak to one so far removed from himself, and so high above him by her innocence and purity. And yet he was bound to speak.

"You look like snow," he began.

"Yes—as much as I like anything."

"At your age," said Hubert, slowly, "you should like everything."

"You think I am very young?"

"Well—seventeen."

"Oh, but I don't feel young at all!" the girl said half wearily, half bitterly. "I seem to have lived centuries! You know, cousin Hubert, there are very few girls of my age who have had all the troubles that I have had."

"You have had a great deal—you have been the victim of a tragedy," said Hubert, gloomily, not able to deny the truth of her remark, even while he was forced to remember that many other girls of Enid's age had far more real and tangible sorrows than had she. The vision of a girl pleading with him to find her work flashed suddenly across his mind; her words about London Bridge—"her last resource"—occurred to him; and his common sense told him that after all Enid's position, sad and lonely though it was, could scarcely be called so pitiable as that of Cynthia West. But it was not her part to tell her so; his own share in producing Enid's misfortunes sealed his lips.

What he said however was almost too direct an allusion to be taken by sympathetic or sarcastic by Enid. A very natural habit had grown up at Beechfield Hall of never mentioning her father's fate; and this silence had had the bad result of making her brood over the matter without daring to reveal her thoughts. The word "tragedy" seemed to her almost like a profanation. It seemed to bring a certain fidelity to her face at once. Enid's organization was peculiarly delicate and sensitive; her knowledge of the publicity given to her mother's and father's death was torture to her. She was glad of the seclusion in which the general lived, because, when she was with Whitmanster, she would hear sometimes a rumor, a whispered word—"Look—that is the daughter of Sydney Vane who was murdered a few years ago! Extraordinary case, isn't it? Have you heard her it?"—and the consciousness that these words might be spoken was unbearable to her. Hubert had touched an open wound somewhat too roughly.

He saw his mistake.

"Forgive me for speaking of it," he said. "I fancied that you were thinking of the past."

"Oh, no, no—not of that!" cried Enid, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Of other troubles?" Hubert queried very softly. It was natural that he should think of what Flossy had said to him quite recently.

"Yes—of other things."

"Can you not tell me what they are?" he said, gently taking one of her slight hands in his own.

"Oh, no—not you!"

She was thinking of him as Florence's brother, possibly even as her power to accomplice in a crime; but he attributed her refusal to a very different motive. Tell him her troubles? Of course she could not do so, poor child, when her troubles came from her love of him. He was not a coxcomb, but he believed what Flossy had said.

"Nor me! You cannot tell me?" he said, drawing her away from the cold uncurtained windows with his hand still on hers. "And can I do nothing to lighten your trouble, dear?"

She looked at him doubtfully.

"I—don't—know."—"Enid, tell me."

"Oh, no!" she cried. "I can't tell you—I can't tell any one—I must bear it myself!"—and then she burst into tears, not into noisy sobs, but into a nearly silent passion of grief which went to the heart of the man who stood at her side. She drew her hand away from his, and laid it upon the mantelpiece, which she crept to and leaned against, sobbing miserably meanwhile, as if she needed the support that solid stone could give.

Her slender figure, in its closely-fitting white gown, shook from head to foot. It was as much as Hubert could do to restrain himself from putting his arm round it, drawing it closely to him, and giving the relief of a kiss. But his feeling was that of a grown-up person to a child whom he wanted to comfort and protect, not that of a man to the woman who loved him. He stood by her silently, with a fixed look of mingled pain and determination upon his face, until she had grown a little calmer, and her heart-throbs ceased to vibrate with sobs, he came closer and put his hand caressingly upon her shoulder.

"Enid," he said, "I want to know—I want if I could make you happier; you never answered the question. Will you tell me now?"

She raised herself from her drooping attitude, and stood with averted face; but still she did not speak.

"Perhaps you hardly know what I mean. I am willing—anxious—to give my whole life to you, Enid, my child. If you can trust yourself to my hands, I will take such care of you that you shall never know trouble or sorrow again, if care can avert it. Give me the right to do this for you, dear. You shall not have cause to repent your trust. Look at me, Enid, and tell me that you trust me."

Why that insistence on the word "trust"? Was it—strange contradiction—because he felt himself so utterly unworthy of her confidence? He said not a word of love.

Enid looked round at him at last. Her gentle face was pale, her lashes were wet with tears, but the traces of emotion were not unbecoming to her. Even to Hubert's cold eyes, cold and critical in spite of himself, she was lovelier than ever.

"I want to trust you—I do trust you," she said; but there were trouble and perplexity in her voice. "I don't know what to do. You would not let me be deceived, Hubert? You would not let dear uncle be tricked and cheated into thinking—thinking—by Flossy, I mean—Oh, I can't tell you! If you knew what I know, you would understand."

Hubert had never been in greater danger of betraying his own secret. Knowing of no other, his first instinctive thought was that Enid had learnt the true story of her father's death and Flossy's share in bringing it about; but a second thought, quickly following the first, showed him that in that case she would never have said that she wanted to trust him, or that he would not let her and her uncle be deceived. No, it could not be that. But what was it?

By a terrible effort he kept himself from visibly blenching at her words. He stood still holding her hands, feeling himself a villain to the very lowest depths of his soul, but looking quietly down at her, with even a slight smile on his face that he knew that he would—had turned pale—the ruddy firelight glancing on his face prevented this change of color from being seen.

"But how can I understand," he said, "when I have not the slightest notion of what you mean?"

"You have not?"—"Not the least in the world.

She crept a little closer to him.

"You are not sheltering Flossy from punishment?"

It was what he had been doing for the past eight years.

"Good heavens, Enid," he cried, losing his self-possession a little for the first time, "what on earth can you possibly mean?"

He thought that he was indignant, and she hastened trembingly to appease his apparent wrath.

"I don't mean to accuse you or her," she said; "I have said a great deal too much. I can trust you, Hubert—oh, I am sure I can! Forgive me for the moment's doubt."

"I can forgive anything in one, you have accused my sister. I must know what you mean."

"Forgive me, cousin Hubert! I can't tell you—even you."

"But, my dear Enid, if you say so much, you must say more."

"I can never say anything again!" she said, her face quivering all over like that of a troubled child.

(To be Continued.)

Friends At Last.

A man's dearest friend is his wife,
A wife's dearest friend is her mother,
Since each of the trio loves all the three,
Why can't the whole three love each other?

The man is a monster who dares
To fan his darling wife's mother to wrangle;
If it were not for his mother-in-law
There might be a loving triangle.

The man who's in love with his wife,
But opposes her sin with persistence,
Should think his wives as his mother-in-law
His wife wouldn't be in existence.

So let us cease quarreling at once,
And with clashings forever have done;
And we'll tender the jokers who chestnuts dare spring
Of the mother-in-law and her son.

The Trials of a Translator.

Mr. J. A. Symonds says in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*: It is probably too late now to add another failure to the many which have been published by translators of Goethe's Nachtlied, that untranslatable lyric—the very crux of the translator's skill. Yet I am stimulated by the perusal of my predecessors' versions to give another account of my own misadventures in the quest. Very many years ago I perceived the extreme beauty of "Ueber allen Gipfeln." I saw that its unparalleled literary excellence depended on its spontaneity, on the peculiar, instinctive tact with which Goethe had succeeded in fusing a certain felicitous mood of emotion into the simplest language, the most wayward rhythms, the most natural rhymes; all governed by a predominant sense of music, compelling the seeming artless verse to take the inevitable form which belongs to some product of nature—shall I say a frost-crystal spread across a window-pane which has been breathed upon, or a film deposited on glass by musical tone acting on a fine dust.

The one thing to be preserved, I felt, when so much had to be sacrificed, was the movement of the verse. I conceived this impression, my first attempt ran as follows:

O'er valley and mountain
Is rest;
From forest and fountain
No mist
Bids trouble the blue;
The birds in the wood have done singing;
Wait, for the swift hours are bringing
Rest to thee too.

With this I was not satisfied. It had caught something of the movement of the original, although I thought was the main thing to aim at; but it was not true enough to the rhythm. So I tried again, and produced this:

Over every mountain
Is rest;
Tree top and fountain
Breathe scarce a mist;
Up to Heaven's blue;
The birds in the wood have done singing.
Wait, for the minutes are bringing
Rest for thee too.

That seemed to me insufficient. There was an imperfect rhyme, rest and mist; and Goethe used no imperfect rhyme. Also, some of his rhythms were too freely dealt with. Then I tried a third time, and this was the result:

Over every mountain
Is rest;
Forest and fountain,
Crest unbreathed
Breathe but pure dew;
The birds in the wood have done singing.
Wait, time is bringing
Rest for thee too.

But with this I was deeply dissatisfied. What I felt was that I had got lines two, six, eight, right, but that the others were wrong; and that the rhythm of the whole had introduced an element of awkwardness unknown to the original. I did not object to the banality of mountain and fountain, that corresponded to the facility of Goethe's Gipfeln and Wipfeln. But the divine spontaneity of the German had evaporated in the English version, and the simplicity I prided upon was the simplicity of art.

So I regarded all three versions as failures. And if I bring them now forth to the light of day, it is to show the extreme delicacy and difficulties of the conscientious translator's art.

Is the Theater an Educator.

I think it is. But I find an impression prevails among a certain number that the drama is not and is not to be seriously considered.

I believe the idea is an erroneous one. That the drama is due to its being the feeling of a very large class of the community.

The theater has always, and undoubtedly always will be, regarded first and foremost, as a house of entertainment or amusement, and rightly enough, too.

And it has always been a larger percentage of the lighter and more frivolous forms of entertainments presented for the edification of patrons than the heavier and more solid form of entertainment. The United States in this direction is a very large one.

Of course, in these days of multifarious newspapers, magazines and cheap books, the theater cannot occupy the place it did when it was almost the sole voice of the people, or record of the times.

But the leaven of education in the teachings of the drama is still working, and even the denizens of clubs and drawing rooms, and prominent people of literary circles, desire not only amusement but instruction from the theater.

No one can deny but what Shenandoah, the Old Homestead, or the performances of Salvini, Booth, Irving, Jefferson, Florence, Modjeska and others, are educators and moral educators at that.

And, in your experience, reader, do you not know that, no matter how much you may have read Shakespeare, Jonson or Sheridan, new light and enjoyment is gained when you see their plays in action on the stage.

Because you understand them better—and understanding is a part of education—I claim that all good plays should be written with the intention of being acted. I do not believe in the dramatic form for literature of the dictionary. I believe the descriptive style the best adapted and most necessary form of expression for the novel, the biography or the history.

But in a play you can rarely hold an audience by long descriptions of a scene. On the stage this must be presented in action.

And we must all remember that the majority of the patrons of the drama come from the middle and lower classes, as they are called. The so-called cultured people of wealth and leisure, do not comprise a large enough element to support many theaters. But the poorer classes, perhaps, unable to buy many books, and probably not omnivorous readers anyway, find much instruction and amusement in the lessons taught upon the stage.

I think the theater is undeniably an educator, and for the good of humanity, too.—*William F. Sage, in the Theater.*

In South Africa.

Natal lady, as a blood curdling war whoop is heard in the kitchen—What is happening, Walters!

Maid—That is Dinah. She always yells that way, ma'am, when she succeed-s in turning the omelette without letting it drop on the floor. She's the daughter of a Zulu chief.

Knowledge Personified.

Mrs. Golightly—Have you seen the painting of Harry?

Major G.—I heard him say something about going in pursuit of knowledge.

Mrs. Golightly—Ah! That means he is after the governess.

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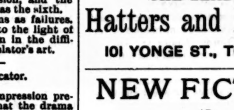

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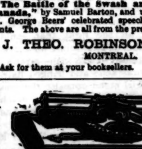

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

Stanley stood motionless and silent. She felt no surprise, no wonder at the sudden appearance of the man who she had thought was so many miles away, it seemed so natural to see him there.

Hugh entered the room softly; and, as he drew nearer to the light, Stanley realized in a moment that some great change had taken place in him since that night when he had turned from the place with his face hidden in his hands to her, and she had placed hers in them with such love and trust. He looked gaunt, haggard and pale, his eyes shone feverishly, his dress was neglected. He had uncovered his head on entering the room, and stood now, hesitating and looking at her, his eyes so full of love and sorrow that she dare not meet them.

"You?" she murmured faintly.

"Yes—I," he answered. "You are not angry! You forgive me for having come? I was so near—I could not help coming, Stanley!"

"I thought you were in London," the girl said, recovering herself by a strong effort.

"In London!" he repeated vaguely. "I have been there—oh, yes!—and abroad; but I have returned, as you see. I have been at Brancepeth for some days."

"You are not ill?" she queried gently.

"Ill! Oh, no," he replied in the same absent manner—"I am not ill! You are not surprised to see me?" he added, with sudden eagerness. "You were thinking of me, were you not?"

The tears gathered slowly in the girl's eyes; but she would not let them fall.

"Yes," she said simply; "I was thinking of you."

"I may stay for a few minutes?" he pleaded, stepping nearer to her. "I have waited so long! I have been here so often night after night. You will not send me away, Stanley?"

"It is very late," she answered gently, her heart sickening with a new pain as she noted the haggard lines on his face. "It is very late; and I am alone."

"I will not hurt you," he said, with a mirthless smile. "You are not afraid of me, are you? No one has seen me. There was only the park between us, you know; and I was long to come—I knew it so well. If I were struck blind, I could find it still. Besides, although no one has seen me, Stanley, it would not matter if any one did; because I have a right here, have I not? You have not forgotten what day this is, have you? It was to have been our wedding-day."

He moved a few steps away from him; he looked at her keenly.

"Are you going to ring for your servants to drive me from your presence?" he asked, bitterly.

"You know I am not," she answered, earnestly. "But you know too that I cannot receive you here at this hour."

"Why not?" he asked wearily. "I have been here often before with you; and to-day—to-day should have been our wedding-day, Stanley, you gave yourself to me; you had no right to take back the gift. Oh, my beloved," he went on brokenly, "was it well done, when I loved you so well and trusted you so fully, to treat me thus—to break my heart, to ruin my life, to make me what I am to-day?"

"It was not well done, the girl owned to herself; but she could not speak.

"Stanley," he added, as she did not reply, "I think, if you had loved me, you could not have done it."

"I loved you," she answered, in a vacant tone. "It was not without pain to myself, Hugh——"

"You thought you loved me," he interposed mournfully. "But it was not love—that sentiment so much weaker than your pride was not love—which put between us the phantom of shame and let it separate us. Ah, Stanley, it is not love that reasons and discusses and lets itself be moved by every wind that blows! It is not love that takes a heart which can feel and suffer and plays with it for a brief space, then casts it aside as unworthy, and lets it lie broken and bleeding, unpitied and unsuccored."

Stanley was silent. The words had struck home; they seemed to stab her as he uttered them.

"I wonder if you knew what you were doing, Stanley!" he went on slowly. "Do you know what a horrible torment my life has been for the last few weeks? You have not been happy perhaps; but you have not been upon the rack, suffering new misery with every passing hour until you felt your brain reeling and your whole life falling into confusion! You have not known what it is to stand and picture yourself lying with a bullet through your brain, and to be deterred from the fatal act only by the thought of the father who suffers with you and the mother whose life it would end. You have not known what it is to wander all night and find no rest from the hateful memories with which followed you, which seemed to be driving you mad with their persistency. At least, I hope you have not known it, Stanley!"

His speech was marked with suppressed vehemence which made his words doubly impressive. For a moment he appeared to have forgotten her presence; he stood with his head bent, his eyes fixed vacantly upon the floor. Stanley, watching him with love-quickened eyes, saw that he was ill, or that he had been so, and found courage in his extremity.

She put her hand upon his arm and led him to a chair, into which he sank heavily, leaning her like a child. The girl's face was lighted up with tenderest compassion as she knelt beside him and took his burning hands in her tender clasp and she would have spoken; but the touch of her gentle hands had been too much for the suffering heart. Hugh put his arms around her, and let his head fall upon her shoulder.

Deathly pale, Stanley knelt, tenderly placing one arm round his bowed shoulder in silence.

"Stanley—Stanley!" he whispered, in the tone of a man in some dire extremity.

Stanley O-raat never forgot those dreadful moments. Never in after years could she recall them save with a sinking at her heart which made her feel faint and ill; but she was quite calm and strong now, and her face, as she bent over the bowed head upon her shoulder, was like that of a guardian angel in its pitiful tenderness.

She could partly guess how the last days had been spent by the man to whom, in return for his devotion, she had given such pain. The sleepless nights and restless days when he was a prey to fever had alternated with periods of stupor and anguish, and had left him weakened in body and mind. He had been at Brancepeth; and perhaps the servants had not noticed his condition.

It was pitiful and terrible to see one who so short a time before had been full of health and vigor broken down, haggard, worn, the wreck of the man with whom she had walked in the orchid five or six weeks since. Had they any right, the girl thought bitterly, for the sake of their family pride, to ruin such a life as his!

She laid her cold hand upon his burning brow; and he, raising his own feverish fingers, held it there.

"That is pleasant!" he muttered, in the voice of a man resting after deadly pain.

"You are better?" she said softly.

"Yes," he answered, "I am better; that cruel pain in my head is better. I knew it would get better when I came to you, Stanley. That was why I came here so often, even though I did not see you."

He spoke quietly now, and drew the girl's tender hand from his forehead down to his lips.

"Stanley," he whispered, looking up at her with heavy eyes, "you will not send me away again! You see I cannot live without you!"

"Ah, do not say that!" she said gently; "You are suffering now, and you feel thus. I know; but, Hugh, you will not add to the bitterness of my trouble by making my duty harder to me!"

"Harder—your duty!" he muttered wearily "What is your duty, Stanley?"

"Obedience to my father," she answered, in a low tone.

"Obedience to your father!" he echoed. "But he gave you to me, Stanley."

"He took me away from you, dear," she returned tremulously; "and I am his, you know."

The look of pain deepened on Hugh's face.

"I do not understand," he muttered. "You are here, Stanley, and you are mine again now—are you not? I have been very unhappy, dear; but the unhappiness is over now. I thought I had lost you—that you were angry with me; but you see I was wrong. We are here together; I can feel your heart throbbing, your hand is in mine, and it is our wedding-night, Stanley—our wedding-night!"

He raised his head from her shoulder and looked at her with strange fever-bright eyes; then, as he saw the pallor and despairing sadness of her face, his arms fell from around her.

"Stanley," he said, wondering and breathless, "what is it?"

The girl could not speak; her heart was filled with anguish at the sight of his altered sunken features, his strange manner. She felt weary unto death.

He put his hand to his forehead and, with a rough gesture, pushed back the hair which had fallen across it.

"I do not understand," he said hurriedly. "Why should I be sacrificed to your father's pride? Stanley, I have sufficient trust in you to believe that my misfortune would not make you false to me unless some strong influence had been at work."

He rose from his chair, seeming to have gained some mastery over his wandering thoughts.

"Stanley," he went on brokenly, "if the case had been reversed—ah, it is impossible of course. You are a Geraint, I know. But, had you been what I am—nameless, without a claim on any one in the world save upon the mother who bore me—do you think I could have left you, if you all the more truly and tenderly and faithfully? Would not your very loneliness have endeared you to me a thousand times more? I should have felt how dependent you were upon my love. But you are a great lady, and I am—Nay," he added, as she raised her hand with a deprecating gesture, "I will not offend your ears by such a word. Shamed and dishonored, I cannot expect from you any other treatment than that which I have received, although I think—I think you loved me."

Tears were coursing heavily down the girl's white cheeks; her heart could cry out to him how Hugh would have acted had the shame been here.

"I think" he moved a little nearer to her, but he did not touch her—"I think you loved me—I think that even now you love me, and that you too are suffering. My darling, must you break my heart and spend your own for the sake of your family pride?"

She answered not a word; there was a lump in her throat which choked her as it must choke her. Haggard, worn, and ill though he was, he looked so noble, standing there, that she felt, with a thrill of bitter pain, that he could bring no shame with him to the wife whom he would wed.

"If," he continued gently, "the shame were public, I could understand. Sir Humphrey's decision. Nay, there have been many bitter hours when I thought that he was right—that you, his heiress, and I, the—he paused as he she again made a gesture imposing silence—"that you and I could never live out our lives side by side; but there have been others, happier moments, when I have thought that a single so little known should not destroy our happiness. Oh, Stanley, I have suffered so cruelly! Have you no pity for me and for yourself?"

"I have promised my father," she said drearily, after a pause. "Oh, Hugh, don't think it does not hurt me—that I do not suffer! Don't think that I do not love you even more now, when I am forced to send you from me, that I ever did before! But I cannot—I cannot disobey my father!"

He looked at her steadily, with passionate troubled eyes.

"And you cannot win over your father," he asked hoarsely—"you, his only child!"

"I think, if I did, it would kill him!" she whispered. "He might yield, Hugh; but it would kill him!"

"Then there is nothing more to say!" he exclaimed abruptly, and, turning, stepped unsteadily towards the window by which he had entered. Then he returned suddenly and held out his hands to her with a gesture of passionate entreaty.

"Stanley, must I go!" he pleaded. "Can we part thus—you and I—who had hoped to spend our lives together? Can you look forward to a life in which I have no share? My own seems barren and laid waste without you. Darling, think what these weeks of separation have been to us both—to you, my poor child, as well as to me—and ask yourself if a lifetime of such anguish would be endurable! Stanley"—he put his hands to his head with a wild laugh—"when I think of it, I seem to see at my revolver held the easiest solution to such a miserable enigma!

She looked at him steadily with mournful eyes.

"And yet," she said, brokenly, "I never thought you a coward, Hugh!"

The implied reproach did not seem to touch him.

"I had not been tried before," he said, passionately. "There is a limit to every one's powers of endurance, I suppose—and I have reached mine. I wonder if many men lose everything at one stroke and bear it bravely and unmurmuringly. Stanley, I cannot go back and think that I have lost you forever! I have suffered so much and so cruelly during these last days that I have no courage left. It is such constant anguish, Stanley, day and night, night and day, that I feel as if I had no strength to resist the despair!"

"That is because you are ill and worn out," she returned, gently, with a calmness which surprised herself. "You have not slept, I am sure, for many nights. Hugh; I think, perhaps, you have not tried to sleep."

"I have not dared to sleep!" he answered, bitterly. "Stanley, have you not afraid of me? Have you known, I am afraid of myself sometimes!"

"I am not afraid," she said, forcing a smile. "I am not afraid, Hugh. That is, I am not afraid for myself; but"—her voice breaking suddenly and pathetically—"I am afraid for you! Oh, my dear," she added tenderly, "try to bear it for a little while! By-and-by it will seem to you as if it were all a dream—as if our love and our sorrow had never been."

"It will never seem so to me!" he declared doggedly. "When you threw me over, Stanley, you inflicted a wound which I shall bear to the day of my death!"

"Not the wound, Hugh," she whispered—"the scar perhaps; but the wound will be healed."

She had sunk down upon a couch, unable to stand any longer. She signed to him to sit down beside her, and he obeyed in silence. Something in her manner and voice seemed to calm his passion, even as the touch of her cold hand upon his forehead had soothed the fever.

"Dear," she said very gently, "I want you to help me. I am so wretchedly weak that I feel sometimes, like you, that I have no strength to bear up against our agony. You must help me. You, who are stronger, better, truer than I—you must help me. Do you think I could get you up, and in doing so give up all my hopes of happiness, without rending my heart? But I was obliged to act as I have done, out of respect for my father's sake. I owe him unfailing obedience. I am all he has! My life cost him a life which was infinitely dearer to him than I could ever be; and I owe it to him. Oh," she cried, weeping, "how could I meet my mother in heaven if I had darkened his life by my selfishness and sin! Oh, help me, help me to be true to him! If I take his heart, I could never know happiness again, even as your wife!"

"And must my heart be broken then?" he exclaimed vehemently. "Does it count for nothing with you that my happiness is in your hands? Do you owe me nothing, Stanley, that you can sacrifice me thus? Do you think that I could so sacrifice you? Oh, my darling, you know that it is impossible—we cannot live apart! Come with me now, to-night; and to-morrow we will go to your father man and wife, and he will forgive us both and be happy in our happiness! Come with me, my dearest—come! Then no one can part us, and, whatever happens, we shall be together!"

He took her in his arms as he spoke, and she offered no resistance; but her head sank heavily against his breast, and for some moments there was a death-like silence in the room.

(To be Continued.)

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

Elida.—See answer to Mildred D.

Bulder.—See answer to Cill above.

Blonde.—Erratic, self-reliant and selfish.

Anna E. B.—Precise, prudent and generous.

Laurel, Picton.—Then why did you write?

Mildred D.—Carless, kind-hearted and prudent.

Marion.—Sincere, decided and unassuming.

Olive.—Prudent, precise and inclined to be selfish.

Davenport.—Earnest, thoughtful and self-esteeming.

New Year.—Energetic, persevering and methodical.

First Violin, Hamilton.—Witty, practical and determined.

Mikado, Leamington.—You are painstaking, reticent and timid.

Dixie.—Misc ievous, kind-hearted and a little self-important.

Anxiety.—Fickle in friendship, amiable, free-hearted and fond of admiration.

Hope.—Writing evinces candor, generosity and self-esteem.

Ice Maiden.—Self-reliant, just to severity, energetic and haughty.

Kate G., Chatham.—Persevering, thoughtless and generous.

Marjorie Dean.—Ambitious, self-esteeming, light-hearted and practical.

Little Boy, Guelph.—Self-willed, very quick-tempered and inclined to be moody.

Bessie.—Writing shows indecision, amiable and cheerful temperament with considerable vanity.

Marco.—This writing evinces resolution, fondness for admiration, courage and impulse.

Marjorie W.—Your writing indicates impulse, energy and, I am sorry to mention, considerable vanity.

Cecil.—Try and see if marriage be a failure. My experience would not benefit you in any way.

Cill, Hudson.—Precise, quick in arriving at decisions, careful in detail and eminently practical.

Harvey, Hudson, Que.—Decided, ambitious and self-reliant.

Roderer.—Determined, very practically inclined, prudent and a little pe vish.

Arthur B.—Writing exhibits caution, precision, fair amount of self-reliance and genial temperament.

Pess.—Self-esteeming, ambitious, but rather too easily discouraged.

C. Crowley, St. Thomas.—Call me back to Tennessee is by S. Winner. Can be obtained from any music dealer.

Mink.—Sir John Young (Baron Lisgar) preceded Lord Dufferin.

Jeno, Hamilton.—Decisive, cautious, and reserved. No, I do not know the poem.

Margaret Gordon, Bradford.—Writing denotes sensitiveness, carefulness in small things, kindness of heart and self-esteem.

Chrysanthemum.—Pride, a fair amount of decision and some carelessness, combined with a practical and sincere nature. The coup d'etat was in 1851.

X. Y. Z.—Your writing indicates a little carelessness being with a rather practical and persevering nature, much self-esteem and fair originality.

Vera.—Fairly decisive, courageous and of a cheerful disposition. 1. Carelessness, thoughtful and lacuna of disposition. 2 Studious, precise, practical and very firm.

Annie Laurie, New Edinburgh.—Your writing displays much perseverance, a thoroughly practi al nature, courage and originality.

Keystone, Chatham.—Writing indicates perseverance, decision, prudence and a methodical nature. *Fairy Fingers* is an adaptation from the French play Les Dolghts des Fies.

Belle View—1. Sensitive, decided and practical. 2. Fun-loving, generous and a true friend. 3. Industrious, thoughtless and self-willed. 4. Original, witty and careless.

Lilian G.—Excessively reticent, brusque, shrewd and ambitious. I do not see why you should not be popular among your friends. I presume it is on account of your haughty manner, for you can be sensitive and affectionate.

Clover.—It is essential that some be skipped. You did quite right. It was certainly your pl-ce to suggest it if you wished to go down. It could make no material difference, but perhaps the manner of do ng it was distasteful. The little things mean so much in life, that one should not disregard them. Your writing shows indecision, impulse, variable temper and self-will.

Gloria—Yes, I am afraid that the great "we" would pretty, too. Your writing shows impulse, ex-ibrability, consider you l-quisitive. Certainly golden, and is quite self-reliance and selfishness. No, I do not think it is pretty. People do not fall in and out of love so easily. You may be given to trifling, but I would not call that particular species of amusement "falling in love."

Balm.

Papa (after the seance in the woodshed)—Do you know that it pains me more than it does you to have to whip you?

The Terror—No, papa. I didn't know it; but now that you've told me I feel better.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A Long Search.

Mean Business Man—Seems to me you take a good while for lunch. You've been gone an hour and a half, and yet restaurants are thick as hops around here.

Poorly Paid Clerk—I was hunting for a place within my means.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Choking Off a Farmer.

As the train left Dayton, south bound, the conductor came into the smoking car with a cry of "Tickets, please!" and as there was only one fresh passenger he walked directly up to him. This new arrival was from the farm, and in nothing of a hurry.

"What's up, Kurnel?" he asked as the conductor halted before him.

"Ticket, sir!"

"Yes. Is she on time?"

"Yes."

"Going right to Cincinnati?"

"Yes. Ticket, if you please."

"I had a ticket, but——. Say, how's wheat looking along the line?"

"Give me your ticket."

"Wonder where I put it? Been much rain between here and Hamilton this month? Feller was telling me yesterday that he never——"

"I'm in a great hurry, sir!" exclaimed the conductor.

"Shoo! Haven't got any hay out at the other end of the line, have you? I got caught once last week, and we'n Bill had to work like nailers to beat a thunderstorm."

"Have you got a ticket?"

"Of course."

"Then hand it over at once! I can't fool away my time here!"

"Shoo! Well, here's the ticket, and I want a receipt for it. Feller in such a hurry as you are might die suddenly. Lands! but what a hired man you'd make for a week or two! Never had one who was in a hurry. Say, if you——"

But the conductor had gone, and he turned to us with a look of disgust on his face, and continued:

"That's the way with these monopolies. They not only want all your money, but they won't treat you decent after they get it. Reckon I'll drop in on the boss of the road when I go to town, and let him know that such conduct don't go down with a free-born American."

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Second Paterfamilias—Excellent idea! Has your daughter always had everything she wanted—dresses, jewels, waiting-maids, and so on?

"No. She has had to help her mother. How old was your boy before you stopped thrashing him?"

"Well, I thrashed him pretty regularly until he was nearly grown up."

"I am satisfied."

"So am I."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Last Hope.

Two poverty stricken men were sleeping in their attic room, when, awakened by a noise, they saw a stranger getting in at the window in the roof. One whispered to the other:

"Think of a burglar coming to us!"

"Hush!" whispered the other. "Let him climb in, then I will give a yell, and it may make him drop something he has stolen elsewhere."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

He Did Not Know It.

New York Alderman on his travels—An' phat is that rag beyant there?

Chicagoan—That! Why, that's the American flag.

N. Y. A.—The devil yees say. An' is that the shtyle av it?—*Drake's Magazine.*

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Suitable for Gentlemen's present wear
N.B.—The public should call and see our Cheviots and Scotch Tweeds, suitable for Double-breasted Sack Suits.

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Instructions given in portraits and decorative art on china, satin and glass. For specimens, terms, etc., call at above address.

55 CENTS
The small purchase amounting to 55c.—fifty-five cents, for which a numbered receipt or voucher is given, may win the prize of the watch worth one thousand dollars—$1000. Americans as well as Canadians will please note the fact. This solid watch is the finest in America as a mechanical work of art. Send for circulars.
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All tenderness and soreness of the feet since we have been buying our
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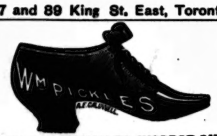

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THE OLD RELIABLE GOLDEN BOOT
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
FINE SHOES

Our Ladies' $3.00 Button Boot, Dongola Kid, is unsurpassed. Ladies' Walking Shoes—Stylish, Cheap, Good. Gentlemen's Sporting Shoe—all kinds.
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Modistes and Fashionable Dressmakers
Rooms in R. Walker & Sons' Golden Lion.

FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM
63 King St. West (Opp. *Mail* Office, first floor)
We will be prepared on and after the 23rd inst. to show our Fall and Winter importations in Trimmed and Untrimmed Millinery. Customers can be assured of procuring the greatest variety in these lines. MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr. (Formerly of No. 1 Rossin House Block).

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Best Tailor System of Cutting. Perfect-Fitting Sleeve a Specialty
HALL'S BAZAAR AND DRESS FORMS for Draping Dresses. Corsets made to order—perfect fit guaranteed. Waist linings cut for 25c.
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ROSES Large stock of Decorated Palms. Wedding Flowers. Cheapest in the city.
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Examinations, Ora or Written.
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Fall and Winter Stock in great variety.
Stylish and Artistic work in all its branches.
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Leave orders early to insure prompt attention.
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NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING
(Late Prof. Moody's)

He Fulfilled the Conditions.

Lawyer—Your uncle makes you his sole heir; but the will stipulates that the sum of one thousand dollars must be buried with him.

Heir (feelingly)—The old man was eccentric; but his wishes must be respected, of course. I'll write a check for that amount.—*Boston Beacon.*

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Hope, Mr. Reginald W. Thomas of Paris, Mrs. Vansittart of Barrie, Capt. and Mrs. Wadmore of London, Mr. C. H. A. Williams, Mr. H. A. Ward of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Watson of Georgetown, Com. Albert and Mrs. Whish of Allandale, Mr. and Mrs. Way, Miss Way of Barrie, Judge and Mrs. Weller of Peterborough, Capt. Cecil and Mrs. Whish of Bobcaygeon, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Wilson of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. Maitland Young of Burlington.

•

Miss Campbell's gown was of white tulle, with white satin trimmings, and with it were worn natural flowers. Among the many other handsomely-dressed women, these were noticed: Miss Hamilton of Kingston, corn-colored brocade and tulle; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, gray tulle and steel trimmings; Miss Violet Seymour, black and yellow; Miss Strange, yellow silk and chenille dotted tulle; Mrs. Alex. Allan of Brockville, white silk and tulle; Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, white watered silk and lace; Miss Hendrie, *eau de nile* tulle; Mrs. Irving, pink silk; Mrs. Sweny, corn-colored silk with tulle trimmings; Miss Melford Boulton, white crepe; Miss Small, white tulle and white silk; Miss Yarker, white tulle; Miss Maude Yarker, cream tulle; Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, white chambray gauze; Miss Hodgins, pale pink embroidered gauze; Mrs. Merritt, black and white brocaded stripe, with lace front; Mrs. Hodgins, crimson silk and black lace; Mrs. Meredith, black satin; Mrs. Denison, pale yellow silk and tulle; Mrs. Arthur Grasett, white crepe de chine; Miss Parsons, yellow satin and tulle, with a Greek fillet on the hair; Miss Nellie Parsons, white faille; Miss Fanny Parsons, pink silk; Miss Mulholland, black net over black satin, crimson ribbons and feathers, silver; Mrs. E. King Dodds, maize merveilleux, *en train*, with draperies of black guipure lace and ribbon and ostrich feather trimmings, diamond ornaments; Miss King-Dodds, salmon-pink royale silk, draperies of moire brocaded in blue gentians, tablier and foot-trimming of gentians and silver foliage, diamond ornaments; Miss Madge King-Dodds, white royale silk, empire sash and maiden hair fern on bodice, pearl ornaments; Miss Vankoughnet, pink India silk; Mrs. F. C. Moffatt, crimson brocade with point lace and diamonds; Mrs. Macdonald, black grosgrain silk; Mrs. Hoskin of Deer Park, black merveilleux; Miss Hoskin, cream faille with buttercup ribbons; Mrs. Rice, black lace with gold passementerie; Miss Heward, blue brocade and tulle; Miss Elsie Grant, white silk with accordion-pleated skirt and moire sash; Mrs. Maclean Howard, black grosgrain and jet; Miss Mabel Seymour, white tulle; Mrs. Beatty, black lace; Miss Beatty, pale mauve with Grecian draperies; Mrs. Gamble Geddes, cream and gold brocade; Mrs. A. Smith, pink crepe de chine and brocade, diamond ornaments; Miss Kate Ryan, blue grosgrain, silver aigrette hair ornament; Miss Ashton Smith, white chambray gauze with white ribbons, green foliage for bodice garniture; Miss Helena Smith, eau de nile gauze over white satin; Miss Mabel Bright, canary India silk; Miss Adelaide Wedsworth, pale blue silk; Miss Violet Towner, white and canary cashmere; Mrs. James Crowther, blue faille francaise and brocade, diamond ornaments and bouquet of pink roses; Mrs. Brouse, pale pink brocade and faille; Mrs. Bristol, yellow net; Mrs. Hoskins, black; Mrs. McAndrew, white brocade with full pink velvet sleeves; Mrs. Leslie, white satin with front drapery of orange brocade; Mrs. George Eyre of Brighton, white and yellow merveilleux, diamond ornaments; Miss Amy Gluson, white lace draped over India silk; Miss Morgan, pink silk with mauve gauze draperies; Miss Fannie Morgan, pale pink surah draped with eau de nile tulle, bodice of velvet with soft folds of pink; Mrs. Taylor, black lace with diamond ornaments; Miss Taylor, cream faille and pearls; Mrs. Badgerow, princess gown of mulberry velvet and shrimp pink faille and point lace; Mrs. E. F. Clarke, black satin merveilleux *en train*, overdress of chantilly lace, trimmings of moire ribbon and ostrich plumes; Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson, white *crepe de chine, a l'Empire*, with pink roses; Miss Maule, white satin and gauze, pink sash and shoulder knots, and pink roses; Miss Lily Maule, dark green velvet, with bouquet of white roses; Miss Gooderham, pink faille and green net with pink roses; Miss Maggie Gooderham, white poplin with trimmings of moire ribbons, and pearl ornaments; Mrs. Alton H. Garratt, black silk, with trimmings of silk fringe and lace and diamonds; Mrs. Law, mauve moire *en train*, with pearl trimmings and lilacs, ornaments topaz and pearls; Miss Mercer Adam, black silk tulle and buttercups, tan gloves and slippers.

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Mrs. Sweetman welcomed a large number of guests to a five o'clock tea on Monday. It was the first occasion of social gaiety in Mrs. Sweetman's new home on Church street.

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Mrs. A. R. Clarke of Wilton crescent gave five o'clock tea to a number of her friends on Thursday.

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Happy faces, expectant, joyful, yet mildly curious, filled the pews of All Saint's church on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock. The occasion was the marriage of Miss Maude Adelaide Gooderham, daughter of Mr. Robert Gooderham of Sherbourne street, and Mr. Robert Albert Ernest Greenshields, barrister, of Montreal. The bride was attended by a maid of honor, her sister, Miss Ada Gooderham, and the three bridesmaids were Miss Eva Gooderham, Miss Julian of New York, and Miss Josephine Gooderham, the first two being sisters, the latter two cousins of the bride. The best man was Mr. Wm. J. White, barrister, of Montreal, and Messrs. Harry G. Julian of New York, J. F. Mackie, barrister, of Montreal, and Dr. Kimlock also of Montreal, acted as ushers.

•

The bridal dress was an especially handsome one of white faille francaise, with embroidered tulle front. Orange blossoms, the insignia of brides, were worn according to custom; and a bouquet of roses and lily of the valley was carried. The veil, which was much admired, had an added dearness in the fact that it was at a wedding and fell around a bride's face once before. That bride was the mother of Miss Gooderham. The going-away dress was a brown tailor-made costume, worn with a seal jacket, and a brown velvet turban, trimmed with wings. The little maid of honor was garbed in white *crepe de chine*, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The bridesmaids wore coral pink cashmere gowns, trimmed with faille. The hats were shirred pink *crepe de chine* with pink roses for garniture, and they carried clusters of the same flowers. A particular feature of this wedding was the marked attention given to detail, and the nice arrangement and taste displayed in minor matters. For instance, the bridesmaids wore hose, shoes and gloves of the same tan shade, these, by the way, with much other material being from New York. Mrs. Gooderham, the bride's mother, wore sage-green faille, with brown velvet trimmings, and a bonnet *en suite*. Mrs. Julian of New York was gowned in Eiffel-tower red faille francaise, with velvet trimmings of the same shade, point lace and diamonds. The groom's present to the bride was a diamond bracelet, to the bridesmaids pins set with diamonds, rubies and sapphires. The gifts were many and very handsome including a diamond and ruby bracelet, a forget-me-not necklace set with diamonds, a cabinet of silver, two French buhl cabinets, elegant plate, and numerous pieces of Doulton.

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Mr. and Mrs. Greenshields left for Washington and other American cities, by the 4 55 train. The wedding party sped their departure with good wishes and in the evening occupied two boxes at the Grand, finishing the happy wedding day with a visit to Lord Chumley.

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The news of the destruction by fire of Edinswold, Mrs. Stephen Heward's summer residence at Orillia, has been received with consternation not only by Mrs. Heward and her family, but by a large circle of friends who have spent pleasant days and weeks at this charming place in former summers.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Bowen of Winnipeg, Man., were in town last week. Mr. and Mrs. Bowen left on Monday for Montreal.

•

The annual dinner of the Toronto Cricket Club, which was held last Friday evening at the Walker House, was marked by even more than usual of the hilarity of which this event is always the occasion. The good-fellowship, which is such that it amounts to real *esprit de corps*, among cricketers, is proverbial. As one of the speakers remarked in the course of his eloquent oration, "The Toronto Club has been for long the mainstay of the game in Canada." The beautiful grounds which they have held for so long on Bloor street, the club has been compelled to abandon at last, but if the plans which another speaker divulged in the course of the evening for a new ground on the Island, and for which he declared the funds would be forthcoming, are realized, a loss which was considered irreparable, will have proved a gain. The speeches throughout were much above the average of after-dinner speaking, and worthy of the noble old game that they lauded. The songs and recitations were many and excellent. I can recall no more successful event of the kind.

•

The news that Mr. Walter Ridout of Colborne has succumbed to an attack of pneumonia, has thrown a gloom over a considerable portion of society. Few of the residents of neighboring towns who spend much of their time in Toronto are more popular than was Mr. Ridout. Many visitors from town to his charming country residence have always found him a most genial host, while his hospitality, while staying with Mrs. Ridout in Toronto, was renowned. Only as recently as at the Toronto Club ball, Mr. Walter Ridout seemed to be in the best of health.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart of St. John, N.B., were in town this week. Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart have left for Chicago.

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Through an error, the names of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, who were in town last week, were printed Mr. and Mrs. Bernal Osborne in this column.

•

The Telegraphers' ball in Webb's parlors on the evening of January 10, was pronounced a decided success. The committee spared no pains to insure success, and their good management gave added pleasure. About two hundred were present, enjoying to the fullest extent the gaiety of the evening.

•

Miss Hamilton of Kingston is the guest of Lady Macpherson at Chestnut Park.

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The Bachelors of Tintagel give an afternoon dance from four to eight to day.

Grand Opera House.

There is no better known actor on the American stage at present than Joseph Haworth. Mr. Haworth is one of the few actors on the stage who never made an artistic failure. His stage life has been a repetition of glorious successes in whatever he undertook. Mr. Haworth was but sixteen years old he played Hamlet in Cleveland and played it so well that the local cities went wild over his work. Haworth was also great in comic opera being the original Grosvenor in Patience in America. His fine all round work at the Boston museum, where he made a hit as Richard III., attracted to him the attention of John McCullough. The big headed tragedian offered Haworth a place in his company and he remained with McCullough until the death of the tragedian. He created several important parts in New York, notably the Count in Denise, Philip Herne and various other big productions. Mr. Haworth's latest creation is Paul Kauvar, in which he will appear at Grand Opera House next Monday night. The play is from the pen of that brilliant yet erratic genius Steele MacKaye. It is said to be the greatest play yet written by an American dramatist. It is interesting from start to finish and abounds in the most exciting situation. The dialogue has a fine literary flavor which one expects from a writer of Mr. Mackaye's calibre. As a historical play, Paul Kauvar has no superior. It gives a much clearer insight into the causes which led to the great French revolution than a bulky history would give. Mr. Haworth makes the part of Kauvar stand out as the best piece of heroic acting seen on the stage in many years. He has the support of a fine company, including Miss Lizzie Rechelle, who is said to be a very talented actress.

•

At the Grand Opera House next Thursday lovers of refined comedy and pure fun will have an opportunity of welcoming that winsome and vivacious little comedienne, Rosina Vokes. Miss Vokes will present three separate and distinct pieces at each performance during her brief engagement of three nights and Saturday matinee. Thursday and Friday the bill will consist of three new pieces which have never before been seen here, viz.: The Old Musician, Wig and Gown, and My Lord in Livery. Saturday afternoon and evening the performance will commence with Crocodile Tears, to be followed by the well-known comedietta, My Milliner's Bill, in which Miss Vokes will sing her famous song His 'Art was True to Poll, and The Rough Diamond. Miss Vokes' company still contains Felix Morris, Courtenay Thorpe and Ferdinand Gottschalk.

Dental Electric Vibrator.

For the Painless Extraction of Teeth.

That the public generally may have an opportunity of testing the merits of the Dental Electric Vibrator, Patterson & Fenton, Dentists, will extract teeth free of charge on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, between 10 and 12 a.m. Note the address, 141 Yonge street, over Morphy's jewelry store.

•

The islands of the West Indies, Barbados and Trinidad, are so sought for this winter that the Quebec Steamship Co., who operate the Royal Mail service to Bermuda and West Indies, have added the splendid ship, City of Antoine, to their line.

•

We direct attention to the advertisement of Mr. J. A. McArthur, druggist, who has lately purchased and is now occupying Wood's old stand, 230 Yonge street.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

O. B. SHEPPARD - - MANAGER.

Three Nights (Wednesday Matinee) Beginning Monday, Jan. 20

Mr. E. G. STONE announces the appearance of the Eminent Actor

JOSEPH HAWORTH

And his Company of Players in Steele Mackay's Masterpiece

PAUL KAUVAR

Grand Opera House

O. B. SHEPPARD, - - Manager.

THREE NIGHTS COMMENCING Thursday, Jan. 23

MATINEE SATURDAY

Annual engagement of

The Charming Comedienne

ROSINA VOKES

Supported by FELIX MORRIS and her London Comedy Company in the following brilliant repertoire.

3 Separate and Distinct Pieces at Each Performance 3

Thursday and Friday: THE OLD MUSICIAN (new) / WIG AND GOWN (new) / MY LORD IN LIVERY (new)

Saturday Afternoon and Evening: CROCODILE TEARS / MY MILLINER'S BILL (this 'Art was True to Poll) / THE ROUGH DIAMOND

In consequence of the length of the programme the performance will begin punctually at 8 o'clock.

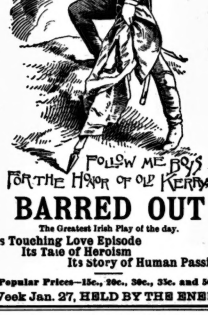
JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE

Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday

Week January 20

The hero of romantic drama

EDWIN ARDEN



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Its Touching Love Episode
Its Tale of Heroism
Its Story of Human Passions

Popular Prices—15c., 20c., 30c., 35c. and 50c.

Week Jan. 27, HELD BY THE ENEMY

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334 Yonge Street, opposite Gould

New additions. Perfect Coffee and Spice Mill, can be used for both, as it can be taken apart and washed or brushed clean in a few minutes by any one. We sell them at our popular prices —48c., 58c., 63c., 79c., 85c., 97c. Jardiniers, 97c., worth $2. Elegant Glass Tooth-Brush Holders 15c., worth 30c. Gas Stoves, newest and best, 97c.—a great convenience.

Our Bargain Tables are attractive places in our store. Beautiful Wax Dolls, that others are trying to sell for 75c. to $1, we are selling for 24c. Dolls' Chairs, worth 50c., for 24c. Children's handsome Red Snow Shovels 15c. Call for price list of our complete stock. Telephone No. 2033. Store closes at 6 p.m., except Saturday evenings.

WM. H. BENTLEY & CO.

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PARIS, 1889

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CROSS OF THE

LEGION OF HONOR

WAS CONFERRED UPON

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I make any style of Furniture to order at *your own price*. In Upholstering I carry a large stock of Covering and Frames, and can supply anything.

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Our Modiste having had long experience in New York is giving our patrons in Dressmaking the greatest satisfaction, every one of our customers having work done with us for the past year has been delighted with the style, fit and workmanship, coupled with such reasonable prices for first-class work.

To those who have not yet patronized us we ask a trial order confident of retaining their patronage for the future.

Reduced Prices in Dressmaking for balance of season.

We always have a large stock of Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, etc., at lowest prices.

Wedding and mourning orders quickly attended to. Correspondence solicited.

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"Lothair."

The Life of Macdonell contains an interesting passage in reference to the pronunciation of the title of Lord Beaconsfield's novel, Lothair. Probably nine people out of ten pronounce it Lo-thair. But Macdonell writes in 1870: "Allow me to mention, on the highest authority, that word must be pronounced as if written Lotair. That is Disraeli's special desire."

Clara—Oh, Charlie, I found out something to-day that I promised never, never to tell! Charlie (settling back)—Well, I'm ready.

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No danger to fear
No oil to waste
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Having on hand a large and well selected stock of Cheviotts, Worsteds, and full Dress Suitings, also a desirable line of Beavers, Meltons and Knap overcoatings, suitable for the coming cold weather, desirous of reducing my stock to make room for Spring Importations and to enable me to do so I am offering during the months of January and February a cash discount of ten per cent. Remember the Fashionable West End Tailor,

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Out of Town.

BARRIE.

The brilliance and magnificence of the Bachelors' ball on January 8 was even beyond what had been anticipated. Great credit is accorded the committee for the zeal and discretion with which they carried out their duties. The care which had been devoted to every detail was proved by the fact that nothing was omitted which could contribute to the success of the event. The interior of the Town Hall was artistically decorated and presented a very attractive appearance. Corlett's orchestra from Toronto furnished the music and fully sustained its reputation. The supper room was festooned with flags, so with the tables which were laden with delicacies, beautifully arranged, and clusters of fragrant flowers and plants, this resort had a most pleasing and inviting appearance. About three hundred guests were present, a great number being from a distance. The following is a partial list of the names of those whom I noticed: Lady Kortright, black velvet *en train*; Mrs. Whish, black silk and lace; Mrs. D. Spry, black merveilleux and jet, *en train*; Mrs. J. C. Morgan, black lace; Mrs. Vanasittart, handsome flowered silk and lace; Mrs. Rogers, garnet plush, *en train*; Mrs. L. Beatty, buttercup merveilleux and black velvet; Mrs. Lloyd, white striped silk and lace; Miss Brydon, cardinal silk and brocaded plush; Miss Symonds, white faille and tulle; Miss Schreiber, grey tulle and silver trimming; Miss Hewett, black satin and lace; Miss Mason, old gold brocaded silk and tulle; Miss Cotter, pretty shade of pink silk; Miss Baker, black gauze and jet; Miss Bird, heliotrope silk; Miss B. Mason, old gold brocade and pearls; Miss N. Baker, scarlet surah silk and tulle; Miss Spry, white satin and net; Miss Forsyth, black polka dot net; Mrs. F. E. B. Johnson of Toronto, black lace; Mrs. R. Barwick of Toronto, white moire and pearls; Miss Bell of Hamilton, white silk; Miss Tisdale of Simcoe, brown velvet and tulle; Miss Chapman of Hamilton, white silk; Miss Tremayne of Buffalo, white faille and gold passementerie; Miss Boucher of the Batteau, white silk and tulle; Miss Moberly of Collingwood, black lace; Miss Hamilton, of Port Credit, black silk and jet; Miss Holmes, cream cashmere, pale blue trimmings; Miss Lotteridge, white faille; Miss Davis of Waterdown, black lace; Mrs. W. Hewson of Penetanguishene, black silk and jet; Miss Hornsby, satin with black net and silver trimming; Capt. Whish, Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. D. Spry, Mr. J. C. Morgan, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. F. E. F. Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. Spotton, Mrs. Way, Mr. Cotter, Mr. J. H. McKenzie, Mrs. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henderson, Mr. Radenhurst, Mrs. Schreiber, Major Rogers, Dr. and Mrs. Palling, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hewson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth, Dr. W. A. Ross, Miss Patteson, Mr. F. Hornsby, Mr. G. Esten, Mr. E. Mitchell, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. W. Campbell, Messrs. T. and F. Baker, Mr. L. McCarthy, Messrs. G. and R. Morton, Lieut. H. Kortright, Mr. A. Dyment, Mr. R. C. Gillett, Messrs. R. Barwick, H. Baird, Roche, Mr. and Miss Esten, Messrs. Boultbee, Cuthbert, Temple, A. H. Cassels, T. D. Dockray, F. Jackson, T. S. Robertson, the Misses Jakes, Millichamp, Read, Messrs. H. Wood, Macdonell, F. Lount, Senkler, Burns, Houston and Saunders of Toronto, Mr. W. Spry, Mr. Coulfer, Mr. T. H. Boys, Capt. Bird, Mr. F. Hewson, Col. O'Brien and officers of the 35th battalion, Mr. W. Spotton, Mr. F. Wray of Hamilton, Col. Tyrwhitt of Bradford, Mr. D. Armour of Cobourg, Miss Ramsay, Mr. Murton, Lieut. Burnet, Mr. Scott and Mr. Elliott of Orillia, Miss Hillary, Miss Wells, Mr. A. B. Chanter, Mr. Nicol, Mr. Macleod of Aurora, Mr. Moberly of Collingwood, Dr. Foxton and the Misses Taylor of Bradford, Mr. W. Hewson of Penetanguishene, Dr. and Mrs. Halkes of Midland. Messrs. A. H. McVittie, Mr. G. Fraser, Mr. Fairbairn, Messrs. F. T. Norman, Miss J. Forsyth, Mr. Percy Kortright, Mr. Sidney Bridges, Mr. F. Stevenson, Messrs. E. and C. Bird, Mr. and Miss Meeking, Mr. H. Arnail. The debutantes were: Miss Bertie Stewart, white surah silk and net; Miss Lutie Mason, white silk and tulle; Miss Lulu Irwin of Kingston, white silk and net; Miss Millie Henderson, white corded silk and crepe lisse; Miss Edith Spotton, white satin and polka dot net; Miss Ethel Jackson, white satin and lace. OCULAIRE.

INGERSOLL.

The assembly given by the gentlemen of Ingersoll on Thursday evening, January 9, was a decided success. Although there was not so large a crowd of dancers as usual, this was easily accounted for by the fact that a great many of our society people were suffering from the popular disease. However, "It's an ill wind that blows no good" and the decrease in the number of dancers made the dancing more enjoyable for those who were present. There was not so large a crowd of strangers as on former occasions. The balls at Stratford and Petrolea on the following evenings and the knowledge that there was yet another assembly to be given in Ingersoll on February 13 no doubt kept away a large number from Woodstock and surrounding places. The floor was in perfect condition and the hall was very beautifully decorated. The arrangements reflected great credit on the stewards, who were: Messrs. W. G. Wrong, hon. sec'y, G. H. White, C. H. Sumner, J. D. Hood, jr., D. White, jr., Jas. Vance, C. C. H. Wilson, J. A. Richardson, H. C. R. Walker, F. O'Grady, J. B. Jackson and T. Runciman. Among those from a distance were Miss Brown and Miss White of Woodstock, Miss Walsh and Miss Chadwick of Simcoe, Miss Goulnlock of Paris, Miss Matthews of Detroit, Miss Arnold of London, Messrs. Cooper, Taylor and Strathy of Toronto, G. H. Wolff and A. Gordon of Hamilton, F. Guest of London, N. P. Dawar of Tilsonburg, Tisdale of Simcoe, McCausland of Aylmer, Jones of London. Miss Goulnlock looked charming in cream silk with pink roses; Mrs. C. C. H. Wilson and Mrs. C. W. Simpson also looked handsome. The former was dressed in sea green silk with gauze overdress and the latter in black lace. Following are some of the other noticeable dresses: Mrs. J. A. Richardson, cardinal surah silk and plush; Mrs. J. B. Jackson, black silk and tulle; Miss Arnold, nile green and white silk; Miss McCaughey, heliotrope silk; Miss Chadwick of Simcoe, pale blue satin; Mrs. A. N. Christopher, golden brown plush and satin; Miss White cream flowered china silk with navy blue silk trimmings; Miss Vance, apple green silk; Miss Stiff, garnet satin; Miss McKellar, cream silk.

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Mrs. J. B. Jackson gave a very enjoyable evening at her new residence Braeside, on Monday evening last, in honor of her guest Miss Arnold of London. Those present were: Misses O'Neil, Payne, Kate McCaughey, Kelso, Vance, McKellar, Tilney, Mrs. O'Gorman, Miss Gouinlock of Paris, Messrs. Noxon, D. White, jr., G. H. White, Vance, Sumner, Walker, Secord, Runciman and Malone. UNO.

HAMILTON.

One of the leading society events of the season is announced to take place on Wednesday, January 22. We refer to the approaching marriage of Miss Catherine Mary, known among her very intimate friends as Daisy, elder daughter of Adam Brown, senior city member of the Dominion House, to Mr. Ernest Brown Smith of London, Ont. The event is looked forward to with great pleasure by the leaders of society here, as Miss Brown is an exceedingly popular young lady in society circles.

Cards are out for a dance to be given at Ballynahinch, the handsome residence of Mr. Edward Martin, Q. C., on James street south. It will take place Tuesday, January 21.

An At Home was held at the residence of Mrs. George E. Bristol, Bay street south, on Wednesday last, which was largely attended by many friends of the hostess.

Luncheon was served to a select few at the residence of Hon. J. M. Gibson, Provincial Secretary, on Main street west, on the afternoon of Friday, January 10.

A delightful musicale was held at the residence of Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Bay street south, on Thursday evening, January 9. About thirty intimate friends of the family attended and a very enjoyable evening was the result.

Last Monday evening a dance was given by Mrs. MacKye, at the residence of her brother, Dr. White, on Cannon street west. There was a large number of young people present, and a very enjoyable time was spent.

The regimental ball to be held in the Armory on Friday, January 18, is anticipated with considerable pleasure by the lovers of the dance in this city, and as very elaborate preparations have been made, it will no doubt be a success.

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Births.

WILSON—At Glencoe, on January 12, the wife of G. D. Wilson, B.A., principal of the Glencoe High School—a son.

McCREE—At Toronto, on January 7, Mrs. R. R. McCree—a son.

OSBORNE—At Hamilton, on January 6, Mrs. Bryson Osborne—a son.

CRADOCK—At Chatham, Ont., on January 11, Mrs. Alfred Craddock—a daughter.

OZOWSKI—On January 10, Mrs. C. S. Ozowski, jr.—a son.

BELL—At Toronto, on January 10, Mrs. Wm. H. Bell—a daughter.

TONKIN—At Toronto, on January 2, Mrs. Charles H. Tonkin—a daughter.

PETLEY—At Norway, on January 7, Mrs. William Petley—a son.

SPROULE—At Toronto, on January 1, Mrs. Edwin H. Sproule—a daughter.

DePALLANDT—At The Hague, Holland, on December 28, Mrs. De Pallandt—a son.

McCLINTON—At Toronto, on January 12, Mrs. McClinton—a son.

SECORD—At Toronto, on January 13, Mrs. Herbert C. Secord—a son.

MARTIN—At Toronto, on January 8, Mrs. William Martin—twin daughters.

BASTARD—At Toronto, on January 10, Mrs. Hanson Bastard—a son.

BROWN—At Toronto, on January 12, Mrs. Edward B. Brown—a son.

COSTE—At Toronto, on January 9, Mrs. Eugene Coste—a daughter.

Marriages.

NEWMAN—FULLER—On January 15, at All Saints' Church, by Rev. A. H. Baldwin, M.A., rector, George Alexander Newman to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Charles Fuller, Toronto.

COWAN—JUSTIN—At Lisgar, on January 14, Mr. W. E. Cowan of Deloraine, Man., to Miss Minnie Justin of Lisgar.

McPHERSON—PATERSON—At Scarboro', on January 9, A. E. McPherson to Violet Paterson.

WHITTLE—BROWN—At Vaughan, on December 25, Hedley Whittle to Rachel Brown.

BRAUND—HUNTER—At Gravenhurst, on January 8, James E. Braund to Maggie Hunter.

BELL—GEROW—At Claremont, on January 8, Eben Bell to Josephine Gerow.

TYRRELL—BRYANT—At Sherbrooke, Que., on January 1, H. G. Tyrrell to Lilia Bryant.

LUGSDIN—BRITT—At Detroit, on January 9, Charles L. Lugsdin to Hattie T. Britt.

ALLAN—ZEALAND—At Hamilton, on January 8, Robt. B. Allan to Lena Zealand.

BENNETT—STEWART—At Bolton, on New Year's eve, W. J. Bennett to Lizzie Stewart.

KENNEDY—WATSON—At Toronto, on January 7, Robt. Kennedy to Janette Watson.

SHEPHERD—WATSON—At Toronto, on January 8, Alf. Shepherd to Ella Love Watson.

BONNER—CLAXTON—At Toronto on January 9, Joseph Bonner to Mary L. Claxton.

BURGESS—ARMOUR—At Toronto, on January 9, John Irwin Burgess to Annie Armour.

CHISHOLM—STARR—At Norwood, on January 8, John Russell Chisholm to Eliza Starr.

HILNER—ROBERTS—At Toronto, on January 8, Wm. E. Hilner to Charlotte H. Roberts.

SMITH—JEMMETT—At Ottawa, on January 9, W. H. Smith to Sarah Jemmett.

ROBINSON—LOWES—At Bracebridge, on January 7, Charles Robinson, to Martha Lowes.

USHERWOOD—MORRISON—At Newmarket, on Christmas Day, James A. Usherwood to Mary C. Morrison.

GREENSHIELDS—GOODERHAM—At Toronto, on January 14, Robert A. E. Greenshields to Maude A. Gooderham.

Deaths.

FAWCETT—At Toronto, on January 13, Edna Rawee, only child of George and Sarah Fawcett, aged 2 years.

ANDROS—At St. Catharines, on January 11, Edmund Brenton, only child of E. B. Andros, aged 1 year.

BLACKBURN—On January 13, Minnie Rennie Blackburn, aged 11 years.

WATT—At Stouffville, on January 1, infant daughter of Rev. A. C. Watt, aged nearly 2 months.

REID—At Orangeville, on January 12, H. E. Reid, aged 43 years.

WHITESIDE—At Toronto, on January 7, F. R. Whiteside, aged 43 years.

WALKER—At Weston, on January 4, Thomas D. Walker, aged 47 years.

RUTHERFORD—At Hamilton, on January 8, Mrs. Adam Rutherford.

WEBB—At Simcoe, Ont., on January 12, Mrs. George W. Webb.

RITCHIE—On January 12, Lillie, the beloved daughter of James R. and Lauretta Ritchie, age 14 years.

FULLER—At Hamilton, Henry Hobart Fuller, aged 33 years.

COUTTS—At Toronto, on January 14, Jessie Gordon Coutts.

CROMPTON—At Weston, on January 14, Mrs. Martha Crompton, aged 72 years.

O'NEIL—At Toronto, on January 13, Sarah O'Neil, aged 23 years.

ROY—At New York, on January 5, Jessie Maitland Roy.

SIMPSON—At Toronto, on January 10, Nellie Gray Simpson, age 12 years.

SHAW—At Toronto, on January 10, Franklin Shaw, aged 25 years.

TELFER—At Paris, Ont., on January 5, Mrs. Elizabeth Laidlaw Telfer, aged 90 years.

THOMSON—At Toronto, on January 14, Mrs. Allan S. Thomson, aged 69 years.

MACNAB—At Toronto, on January 10, John Macnab, aged 50 years.

O'HIGGINS—At Toronto, on January 11, Mrs. Catharine M. O'Higgins, aged 78 years.

HARNETT—At Toronto, on January 12, Teddy Harnett.

BROWN—At Toronto, on January 12, the wife of the late James Brown, jr., aged 61 years.

DUNBAR—At Deer Park, on January 12, Richard Dunbar, aged 59 years.

SWEETMAN—At Toronto, on January 11, Nelson Wheeler, son of George H. and Nellie Sweetman, aged 8 months.

DAVIES—At Nassau, Bahamas, on January 7, Charles Davies, aged 26 years.

KANE—At Alhambra, California, on January 12, John Hamilton Kane, aged 42 years.

McCREE—At Toronto, on January 13, Mrs. R. R. McCree, aged 30 years.

McLAREN—At Montreal, on January 9, Harry Ashforth, son of Henry and Sarah McLaren, aged 11 months.

PEARCE—At Toronto, on January 11, Mrs. William Pearce.

PHILPOTT—At Pau, south of France, on December 27, Margaret A. Philpott; also at Knowle, Birmingham, England, suddenly, on December 25, H. C. Philpott, sister and brother of F. V. Philpott, Toronto.

WILKINSON—At Toronto, on January 14, Mrs. J. A. Wilkinson.

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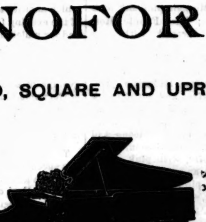

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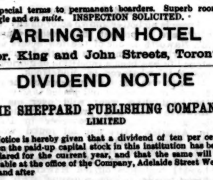

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The transfer books will be closed from the 5th to the 15th day of January next, both days inclusive, by order of the Board.

E. E. SHEPPARD, Manager.

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